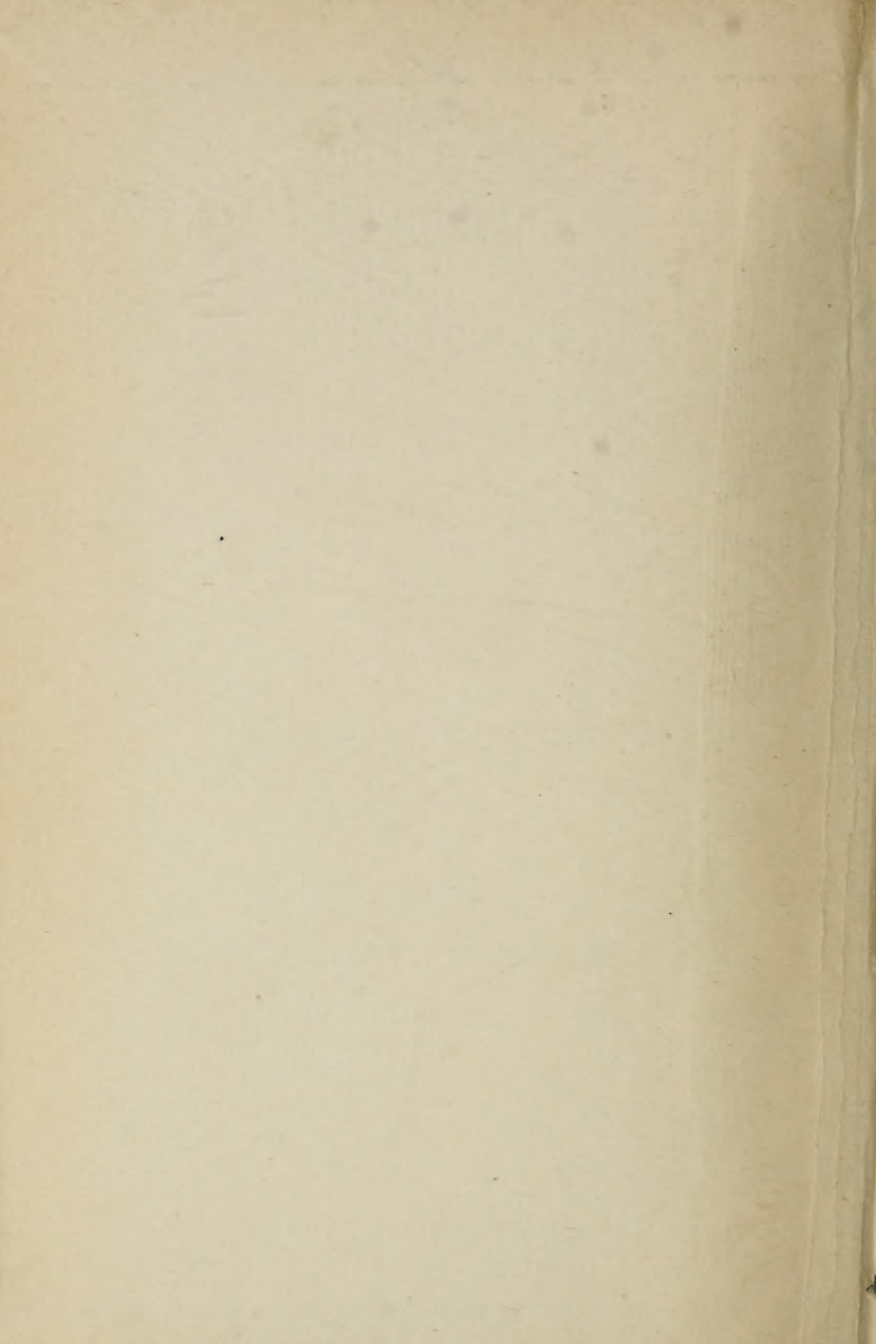
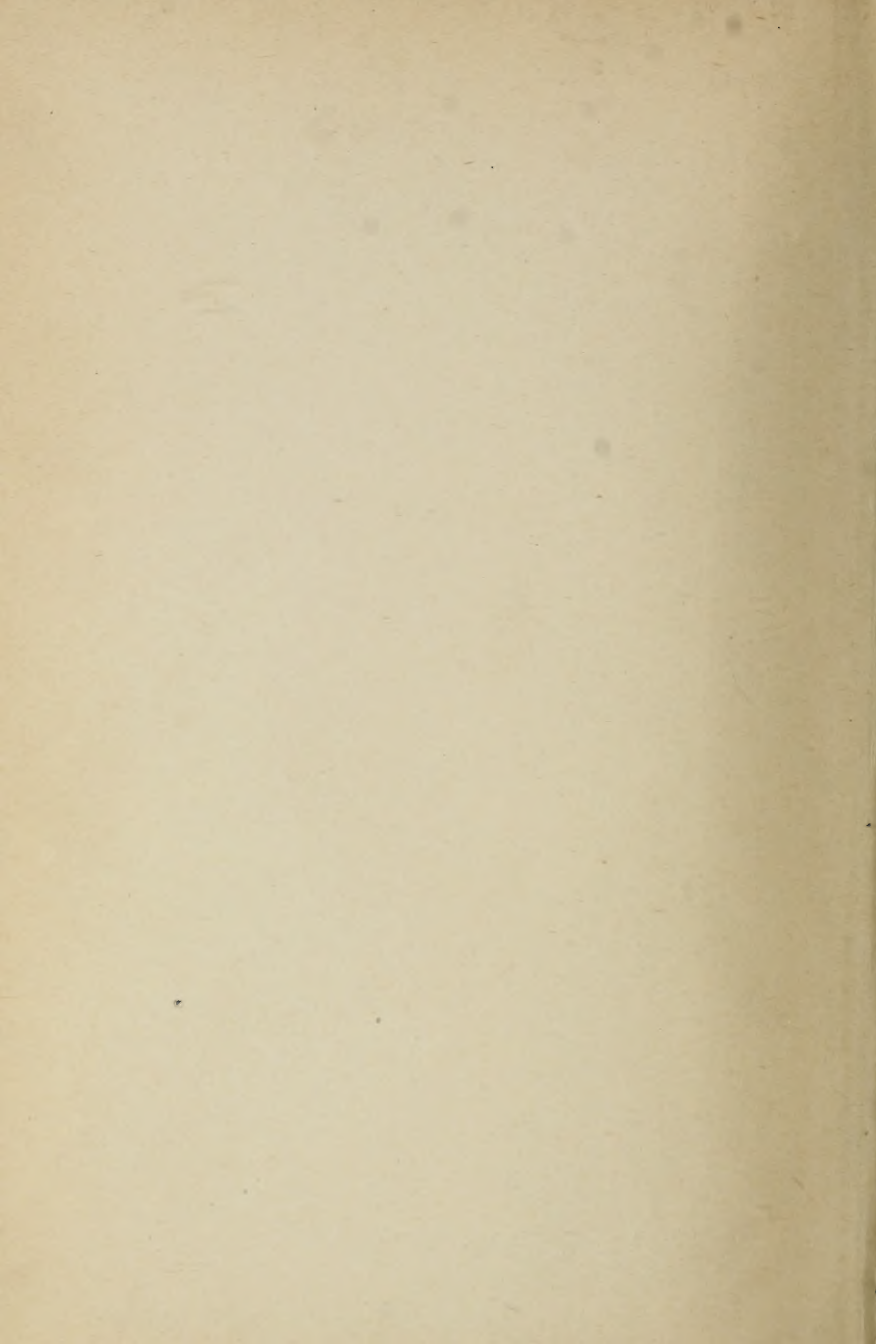


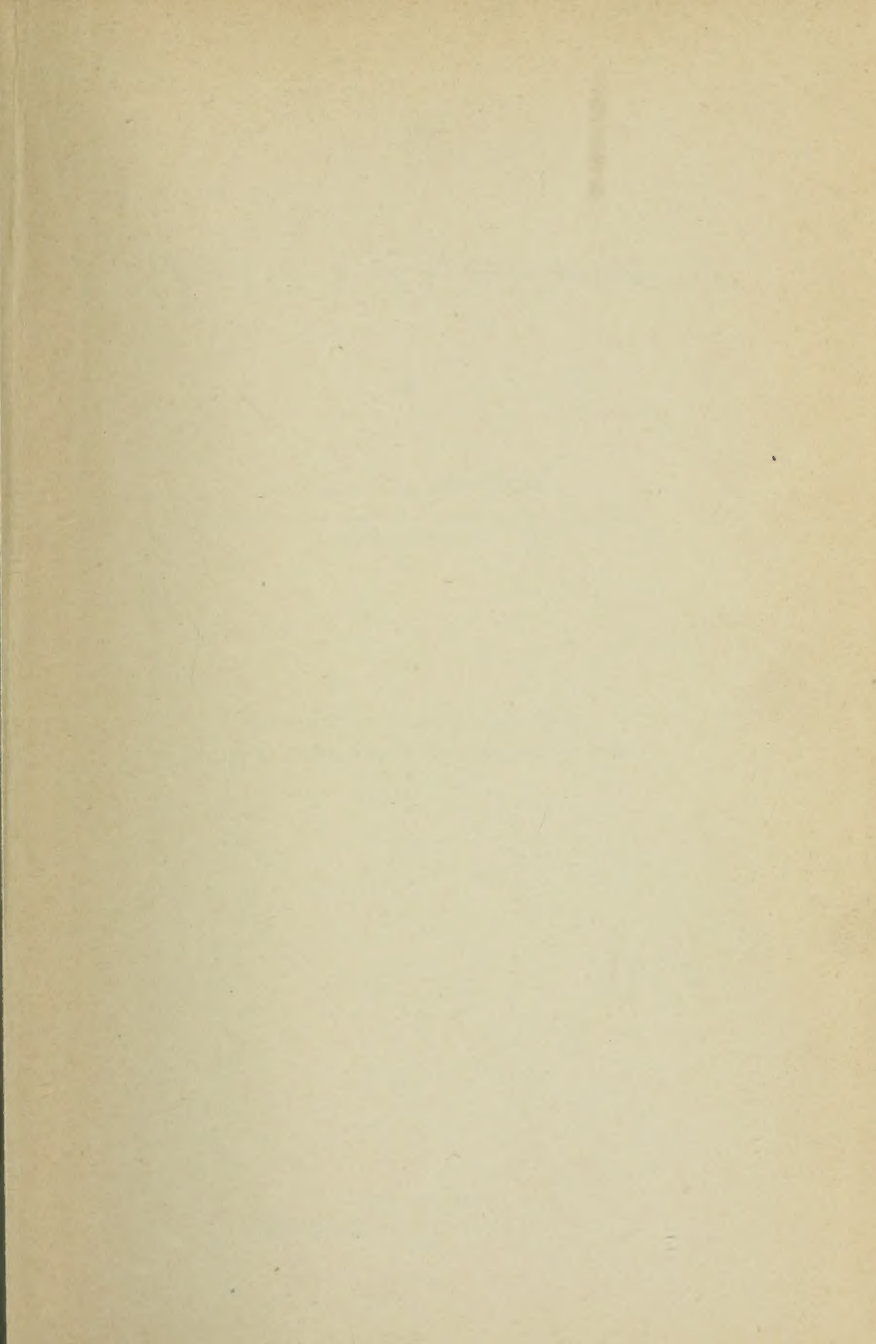
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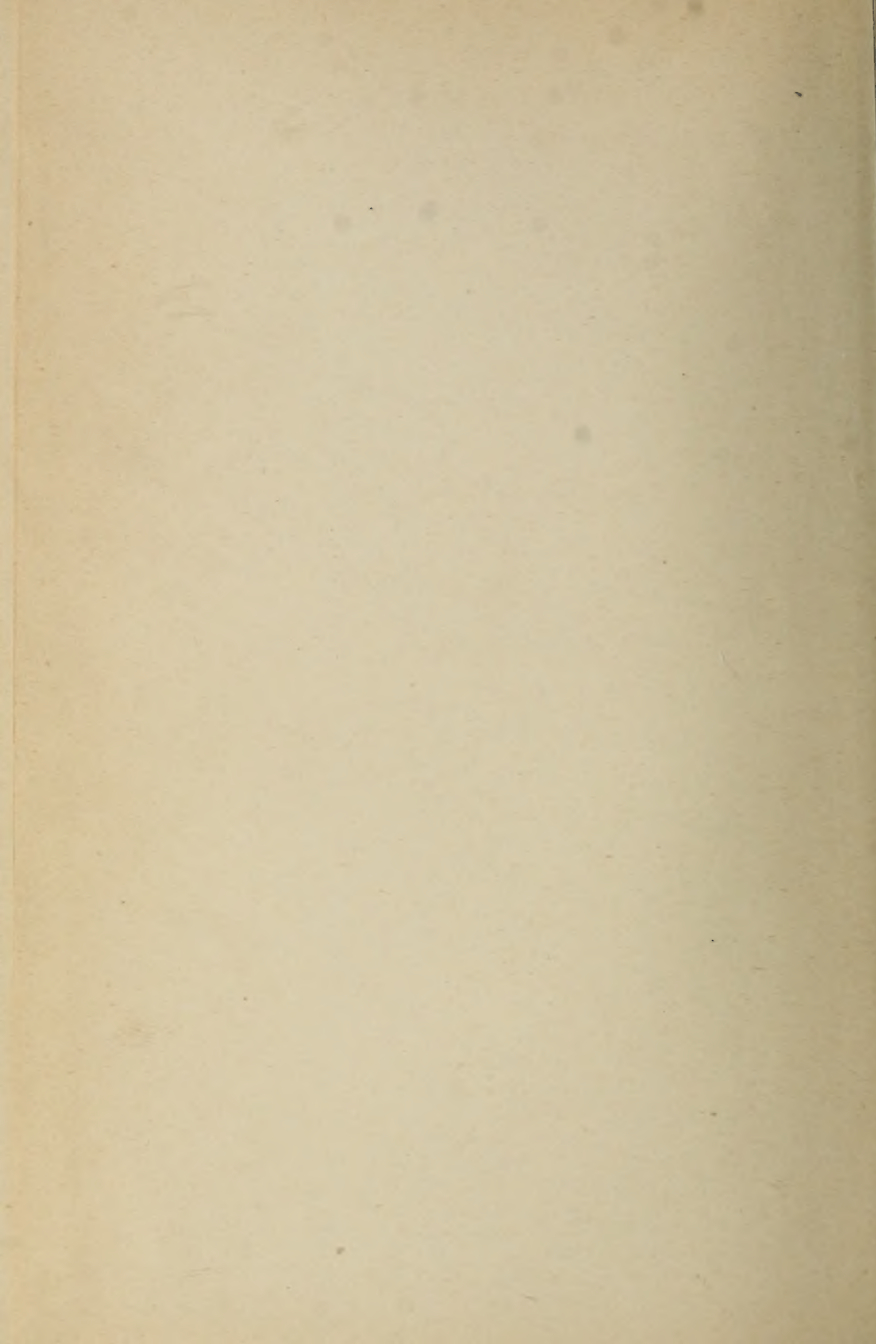
THE
KEY TO EXPRESSION.

FRANCIS JOSEPH BROWN.
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THE
KEY TO EXPRESSION.

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PREFACE.

The present treatise is a product of the authors' experience in the classroom and on the platform. Its design is fourfold—viz., (1) to stimulate the student to independent thought, (2) to broaden his knowledge, (3) to deepen his sympathies, and thus (4) to elevate the standard of the elocutionary art.

Many persons begin the study of elocution with the impression that they have no thinking to do; that some one else has thought out everything for them; and that, therefore, they have only to follow instructions. This is a great mistake. No study is more comprehensive than that of expression, for it is the study of human nature in its infinite variety of manifestations. A knowledge of expression, it may be truly said, must be conditioned by one's knowledge of human nature, for the evolution of oratory moves on parallel lines with the evolution of man. Of all the subjects which a student pursues in acquiring an education, that which causes him to think, to create new ideas, which gives him a higher ideal of life, is the one which is most beneficial both to himself and to those with whom he comes in contact. To express greatness is to be great. In order to advance toward greatness, one has to recognize his personal limitations and defects, endeavor to overcome them, and to conform to an ideal type.

As an aid to broadening the sympathies, a diagram to illustrate the operations of the mind or soul has been given. In order that the student may more easily discriminate between the various phases of the operations of the mind

and to help him to determine the right use of each, there are given brief explanations taken from Webster, Crabb, and other authorities. In some cases it has been necessary to make alterations by way of addition or omission in order to make the explanations at once clear and such as should naturally come within the limits of the present work. The subdivisions of the operations of the mind given here do not, of course, cover all the passions, feelings, thoughts, etc., of which the mind is capable; but a large number of those which occur most frequently are given in the hope that they will be sufficient to materially aid the student, and that, having studied these, he will be encouraged to investigate further for himself and to aim always at accuracy of expression. The work is so arranged that, by studying the diagram and selecting from the following exercises those which correspond to the operations of the mind, the student can easily ascertain his strong and weak points, not only in voice and gesture, but also in mental and moral development. This knowledge will be valuable to the instructor, for he can so direct his students as to develop not merely their talents, but their entire nature. The examples have been left unclassified under the subdivisions in order to give the much-needed practice of *discrimination*. The study of short examples has a great advantage over the method of beginning with lengthy selections, as it concentrates the attention on a particular phase of thought. Much valuable time is thus gained. A careful study of short examples disciplines the mind to analyze readily and to adapt itself to the ever-varying shades of thought and feeling, making a preparation of reading comparatively easy.

Two persons having exactly the same requirements are seldom or never found. This every teacher worthy the

name knows. "The Key to Expression" is arranged in such a way as to enable the teacher to select work that will assist the pupil in overcoming his defects as well as strengthen his natural bent. If he lacks the power of sympathy or the faculty of humor, that is all the greater reason why he should try to cultivate them. There always will be one line of work which he can do better than any other; as regards public delivery, it may be well to restrict himself to this. But the tendency is to attempt no other class of reading than that corresponding to the reader's individual development. This tendency should not be yielded to. If the student should never be able to read other styles well enough to give them before the public, there is no reason why he should not try to develop along other lines than his own specialty. Such an effort will, at the least, help him to appreciate the reading of others. This in itself adds to the pleasure of life, besides strengthening his character and exercising a beneficial effect on his particular kind of work. The art of expression, in its highest sense, requires the broadest culture and sympathy. We must learn from study and observation to go beyond our personal experience, to think thoughts and feel sentiments to which before we were strangers; otherwise our work must always be limited and narrow. It is not sufficient to be able to act or read with the "simplicity and unconsciousness of a child" nor with "the naturalness of ordinary conversation." These principles may serve in a degree to overcome a stilted and unnatural expression, but they are not the final test of art. Our ideals are ever beyond us, and are never embodied in any class of individuals. As we progress, so do our ideals become higher.

Care has been taken to select only such examples and readings as represent the best in our literature. It is hoped

that by this means "The Key to Expression" will be of value in cultivating among students a taste for pure literature and pure thoughts, and thus to elevate the standard of public reading. In time past too much attention has been given in schools and colleges to prepare pupils to make a show at commencement and other public occasions. It is hoped that a new era is at hand in which true progress will be made the object of the art, instead of using the art as a means to gratify vanity.

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THE STUDY OF ELOCUTION.

Before beginning the study of any subject it is but reasonable to consider the benefits of its acquirement—not what it is worth in dollars and cents, but in physical, moral, and intellectual development. The only true value we can place on education is the increase of power it gives us to help others. All knowledge acquired with such an end in view is elevating and ennobling, and is a blessing not only to the individual, but to the people with whom he comes in contact. Knowledge gained with the purpose of using it for selfish ends, for the position it will give in society, or for the money it will bring, is a false education, which has a detrimental effect on the individual and all who come within his influence.

Considered from a standpoint of health only, elocution is well worthy of our attention. As a means of strengthening and developing the body, especially the lungs, there is no exercise more healthful, and for this reason it is often recommended by physicians to people suffering from pulmonary troubles. It is of almost equal value to the professional or business man. Whether in social or business life, the awkward person, with a high, shrill voice or thick, fat tones, indistinct enunciation, incorrect or slovenly articulation, is unable to compete with one who has a graceful presence; clear, musical voice; and good articulation.

There can be no doubt that there are many talented people who are unknown even in their own communities, simply because they lack the power to express themselves. The measure of one's ability to express the good that is in

him, thereby moving others to higher thinking and living, is the measure of his value to society. Speech has always been the great mold of public opinion, and "to-day, as ever, eloquence is universal queen." Knowledge, it is said, is power. That saying is true just in proportion as a man has the ability to apply his knowledge. This is shown by the fact that a man of ordinary attainments, who has learned the art of "making the most" of what he knows, invariably takes precedence over the man of wider culture and deeper education who has not acquired this art. Who can estimate the power of the individual who is able to give his knowledge its most potent expression in speech and action? Quintilian said: "An indifferent discourse well delivered is better received by a popular audience than a good discourse badly delivered." Formerly the study of expression was much neglected in our schools and colleges, but we are learning to appreciate Quintilian's assertion, and to-day a well trained voice and a healthy, responsive body are conceded to be quite as necessary in a practical education as a highly developed intellect.

Speaking of the value of the study of oratory, Prof. John Stewart Blackie, of Edinburgh University, said: "A most important matter for every young man is the art of a polished, pleasing, and effective expression in public speaking. The great thing is to begin early and avoid the mistake that so many cultured men make in these days in their public speaking, which is less eloquent than that of the most untutored savage. Accomplished speaking is an art for which a master of elocution and special training are necessary." "The attempt to speak in public without previous training," says Sir Morrel Mackenzie, "is like trying to climb the Matterhorn without preparation, and is just as sure to end in failure, if not disaster." He further

says: "I am persuaded that if there were a thoroughly-qualified instructor in elocution in every school, our noble English tongue would lose its undeserved evil reputation for harshness of sound, much torture would be spared the general ear, much weariness to our auditory nerves (unnaturally strained to catch the sense drowned in a stream of half-articulate gabble), and much suffering would be saved to throats ruthlessly stretched and cramped and in every way abused in the fierce struggle to deliver the message which the speaker has in him." These opinions from two such eminent men serve to show the place that this study holds in the judgment of educated people.

To no class of men and women is a training in the art of delivery of more importance than to teachers, lawyers, and clergymen. The ordinary intelligent person, with a well trained voice and a practical knowledge of the laws of delivery, is sure of success, while fear and failure are the constant companions of those who rely on untrained powers. The old idea that the study of elocution makes one unnatural is fast disappearing. True, the old methods of teaching expression were mechanical, and in many cases the student was injured more than benefited. In no department of education has more rapid progress been made in recent years than in the art of expression. By modern methods the student is able to acquire in a few months a more practical knowledge than under the old systems was possible in years of labor. Instead of being hampered by mechanical rules, he is taught to think and to act for himself; to understand and obey, not arbitrary rules, but natural laws. He is guided by principle, not by opinion. In proportion as the student is free from the bondage imposed by self-consciousness he becomes easy, natural, and forcible in his delivery.

We have begun to understand that true education is not a process of cramming the mind with facts; but, as the word suggests, is a drawing out and developing of all the faculties which are latent in man. Elocution has to do with the development of those powers which enable one to express the truths which his awakened faculties have made it possible for him to perceive. Every one possesses this expressive power to some degree. Some have the art of being good conversationalists; some, the art of reading; some, of acting, lecturing, or oratory. There is no reason why each should not develop his talent and bring it as near to perfection as possible.

As it is in childhood that incorrect habits of speech are formed, habits which the adult often spends months, and sometimes years, in overcoming, it is in childhood that the study of elocution should be begun. Let a child be taught in its infancy to speak distinctly and correctly, and half the difficulty the adult now has to contend with will disappear. The Greeks understood the importance of this, and at the time when their civilization was at its greatest height they would not intrust the care of their children to those who spoke incorrectly. Even to-day the accent, pronunciation, and modulation of the voice mark the difference between the cultured and the ignorant classes.

Students spend much time and labor in seeking to acquire a knowledge of foreign languages, both living and dead. It is well that they should do so. Yet is it not strange that so much time should be spent in this way, when the beauty, grandeur, and power of the spoken English language remains, to a large extent, unrecognized? If the students who waste their time securing a smattering of French (for in an astonishingly large number of cases only a smattering is acquired, and is, therefore, of no real

value) would spend this time in realizing the possibilities of our own language, it would be infinitely more profitable. Who does not covet a grammatically correct use of English, not simply in order that he may conform to the recognized standards of usage, but because the correct forms are clearer, more forcible, and more euphonious? The power acquired by a correct vocal utterance is quite as marked and important.

Another respect in which the study of expression is profitable is that it gives a keener insight into literature than is possible from any other training. One of the foremost teachers of the day declares that the most effective way of teaching literature is to read it to the pupils properly. So much can be expressed by the voice that any explanation fails to make clear. This is a mere suggestion of the large field of usefulness that lies open to the scientifically trained reader both in the schoolroom and on the platform. He may lead the masses to appreciate the highest prose and poetry, just as in some countries they appreciate good music because they hear it constantly. Public readers are often heard to complain that audiences care only for being amused or for bombastic rant. If this be the case, whose is the fault? Are not those readers who have given nothing but an inferior class of literature largely responsible for this? It is a mistake to assume that the masses could not be brought to appreciate something better. The fact that really good readers or actors are applauded, not only by the few, but by the many, proves the possibility of readers successfully presenting the highest class of literature. The elevating influence which the reader may exert is beautifully expressed in Longfellow's lines on hearing Mrs. Kemble read from Shakespeare. The sonnet forms a fitting conclusion to a plea for the study of elocution:

O precious evening, all too swiftly sped,
Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent dead!
How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,
Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages
Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,
Anticipating all that shall be said!
O happy reader, having for thy text
The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have caught
The rarest essence of all human thought!
O happy poet, by no critic vexed,
How must thy listening spirit now rejoice
To be interpreted by such a voice!

A PLEA FOR SINCERITY.

Sincerity is the first test of greatness. Affectation is the mark of inferiority. The sincere person may not always be great, but the great person is always sincere. Affectation is closely connected with hypocrisy. That which impresses the honest person deeply, he will express with conviction, earnestness, and enthusiasm. There is no room for affectation in the person who is deeply moved. The affected person thinks only of himself, and tries to impress his personality on his hearers. To this end he affects to feel that which he does not feel and to be that which he is not. Locke says that affectation is an awkward and forced imitation of what should be genuine and easy, wanting the beauty that accompanies that which is natural. The sincere person does not seek to attract attention to his personality. He is absorbed in his endeavors to convey to others that which he believes to be true. He wishes his thoughts, not his personality, to predominate in the minds of his hearers. In proportion as he can make others unconscious of him, except as a means of expressing thoughts

and sentiments, is he successful as a reader, actor, or speaker.

Elocutionists are often accused of being affected, of posing and striking attitudes on the platform. While this cannot be said of the great readers of our day, nor of any day, it assuredly can be said of very many who belong to the mediocrity. Their affectation is not due to the fact that they are elocutionists (for they never had any real love for the art itself), but because they wished to display themselves; they took up the study of elocution as a means of attracting the attention of others. With this class gesture is important as a means of showing a pretty arm or pretty rings, and a beautiful dress is more important than a beautiful thought. Having nothing to express, they recite words in order to display their charms. They cannot be said to put their personalities before their sentiments, for they have no sentiments, except of the crudest kind. It is impossible for such people to interpret the thoughts of others, for they have none of their own.

It is well that those who contemplate a public career should first examine their motives for doing so. Let one satisfy himself that he has something to say and the ability to say it; otherwise, he has no right to claim the time and attention of the public.

I. VOICE.

THE SPEAKING VOICE.

Sound and speech are the two greatest means of expressing thought and emotion. For artistic purposes it is necessary that the voice should be cultivated, so that it will convey ideas as perfectly as possible.

Breath is the material out of which the voice is produced. All voice is made on exhalation, the column of air passing out from the lungs being used for this purpose. The breath, being converted into sound by the vocal chords, fills the pharynx and reverberates through the cavities of the head and chest. This reverberation is called "resonance." The exercises in breathing are most beneficial for producing this quality. They not only expand the nasal cavities, but, the muscular system, having gained control of the breath, sends it out in a regular, even stream, thus producing finer and more even vibrations. The most rapid, as well as the most effective, way to train the voice is to practice the elementary sounds, separately first, then in words, and finally in sentences. To give truly artistic expression, each sound must be properly formed and given its full value in the pronunciation of a word.

VOLUME.

Physically, the volume of the voice depends upon the size and shape of the mouth and throat, and the amount of breath one can convert into vocality. To acquire physical volume, practice breathing exercises and the vocal exercises given on the following pages.

In studying the organic formation of the sound it will be seen that some vowels have a great deal more volume than others, and that the volume depends solely on their formation, and not on the meaning of the words. The word *sun* has a comparatively small volume, but a large meaning. Words may have a large or small volume, independent of their meaning.

Psychologically, the volume of the voice depends on the amount of meaning conveyed in the utterance of the word. Speakers, as a rule, bring out only a very small proportion of the meaning of the words used. Let the mind be so deeply concentrated on the thought first that one not only sees and feels it himself, but makes others see and feel it also. To illustrate this, let us take the word *ocean*. How often is it pronounced in such an insignificant manner as to convey no more than the word *mill-pond*? Whereas the manner in which the word ought to be pronounced should convey all the majesty and grandeur of the real object and call up these qualities in the mind of the listener.

Volume of voice, without meaning, is mere noise. The less meaning in the voice, the noisier it is. These are the voices that one longs to get away from. What is more disagreeable than to hear one playing the piano whose only idea of music is the amount of noise he can make? Yet the same instrument, handled by an artist, gives the greatest delight, not merely because of a mechanical expertness, but because he regulates the tones according to what he wishes to express. In the same way a noisy voice is disagreeable, because it is sound without meaning. The voice may be made an instrument of expression just in proportion as its owner develops mentally. To cultivate the volume of the voice, practice selections containing sentiments of sublimity, beauty, and grandeur. *Every thought either*

contracts or expands the mind. Vicious thoughts debase the mind; noble thoughts elevate the mind and give beauty to the voice. As the student tries to give expression to lofty sentiments, he will find his voice developing in volume in proportion to his conception of the thought. The following lines illustrate the fact that sublime thought develops volume of voice:

O thou eternal One, whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide!
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God, there is no God beside.

QUALITY.

There are two main causes that may make the voice pure or impure. One is physical; the other, mental. From a physical standpoint, a pure quality of voice is a result of control of the respiration, so that no more breath is allowed to escape in the production of a tone than is necessary for its formation, and on a perfect coöperation of the vocal and articulatory organs; from a mental standpoint, a pure quality of voice is the result of pure thought. To have a grand voice, one must express grand thoughts. Mean, low, and vicious thoughts make the voice coarse, harsh, and cramped. The cultivation of the voice is inseparable from the cultivation of lofty sentiment. Vocal gymnastics, though helpful in their way, do not constitute vocal culture. Quality is to the voice what character is to the individual.

FORCE.

Owing to the difference in the formation of words, some require more force or energy to pronounce them than others. Those that have broad, open sounds, such as the

words *broad, rock*, etc., require more energy than such words as *sin, dear, little*, etc.

Between physical force and mental force one should carefully distinguish. The force of expression should be governed by sentiment. It is only physical passions, such as anger, jealousy, vanity, etc., that are expressed by physical force. Depth of feeling is in inverse ratio to physical force. In the interpretation of pathos it is not the loud ranting that is effective, but the quiet intensity of feeling. The people who feel most deeply make the least demonstration of their grief. True grief is subdued in expression even to the extent of shrinking from the gaze of others. Depth of feeling gives depth of expression, not loudness. There is often good reason to suspect the sincerity of those who lament the loudest. The hypocrite loves to be seen praying in public places; the sincere man enters his closet and shuts the door. One need not proclaim one's sincerity; it will be felt without noisy demonstration. Noisy grief is sometimes sincere, but always transient. A child who has lost its mother cries loudly for its loss. Though it is honest for the time being, it soon forgets its grief. The father, who appreciates the loss, bears it without a moan, perhaps; but the very quietness with which he speaks and acts evinces the greater sorrow. The student should not mistake force for feeling.

One of the most common faults of public speakers is the weakening of the voice toward the end of the sentence. This rises from lack of control of the breath. Too many words are uttered on one inspiration; and as the lungs are emptied, the voice becomes devitalized. To overcome this defect, practice controlling the breath: first, on words, then on sentences.

Nothing will make an audience lose interest in a speaker

more quickly than a lack of vitality. No matter how good the thoughts may be or how beautiful the language in which they are couched, if the words lack physical life, one feels as if they were but pallbearers to the thought.

RATE OF UTTERANCE.

The rate of utterance should be governed by the sentiment expressed. There are two extremes against which we should guard: one, a wearisome slowness, giving unnecessary prominence to trivial ideas; the other, a rapidity of utterance which does not give the hearer an opportunity to grasp one idea before another is offered his attention, so that the hearer is confused, half the ideas not being understood or even heard. The first fault is due to a lack of knowledge of the "eternal fitness of things." To appreciate the thought is the only remedy. The last-named fault may have the same cause or may be occasioned by nervousness. If the latter be the case, time and practice will overcome the difficulty.

Vocal movement is governed by the same law that governs physical matter. All motion is in proportion to the mass moved. Thoughts are things, and have their different degrees of density the same as material objects. Extreme grief will bend the body the same as a weight placed upon the shoulders. Light thoughts give a light, tripping movement of the voice; profound thoughts give a slow movement, with intensity in proportion to their depth. One would naturally dwell on such ideas as are implied in the words *grandeur*, *strength*, *love*, *awe*, because one's full conception of them is ever beyond his power of expression. Such sentiments as gladness, surprise, fear, will naturally take a rapid rate of utterance. Aside from the thought itself, the speaker's knowledge of it will govern his rate of utterance.

No better lesson in reading could be found than the following lines from Pope's "Essay on Criticism:"

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

MONOTONY.

There is no more common fault among speakers, readers, and actors than that of monotony. No one is quite free from it. The fact that day after day there is a sameness in man's business or profession tends to manifest itself to a greater or less degree in his speech and actions. So marked is this in certain vocations that when we meet the people we can almost tell to what profession they belong. Monotony is one of the greatest foes of effective speaking. Sometimes it is mistaken for character. The truth is, the greater strength of character one has, the less likely he is to be monotonous. Do we not see this in the writings of great men, who show both character and variety of expression? No one would say Tennyson or Shakespeare is monotonous, though their style shows character; yet one might go to see a Shakespearean play that might prove monotonous. The grandest literature may be spoken with a sameness that kills the spirit behind it.

This fault is caused by an inability to change rapidly from one sentiment to another or from one shade or degree of sentiment to a higher or heavier one. It is this state of mind that gives rise to personal hobbies. One phase of life is made more important than all others and given an undue prominence. Readers very frequently get a general idea of a sentiment and fail to perceive the various shades which really constitute the beauty of it. It is the light

and shadow of the voice that show the artist, just as much as the light and heavy stroke of the pencil show the artist. Too much color of one kind spoils the effect in a picture. The same is true of reading. One who is able to analyze and appreciate the finest shades of thought and feeling, whose expression is not hampered by any vocal or physical defect, will never be tiresome.

THE ADAPTATION OF SOUND TO SENSE.

No one can appreciate the beauty and power of the English language without seeing how wonderfully the sounds are adapted to the sense of the words in which they are found. A few examples will illustrate this correspondence of sound and meaning. The combination of sounds in the word *mist*, the *m* followed by short *i*, the *s* followed by *t*, combine in sound to suggest the appearance which the word conveys. In the word *hot* the aspirate *h*, followed by the short *o* and the explosive *t*, makes us realize the heat. The meaning of *harmony* is conveyed in the harmonious combination of sounds that make up the word. In the word *rock* there are the *r*, short *o*, and *k*, which, combined, give that strength to the word which the object suggests. The following words will more fully exemplify the adaptation of sound to sense without further explanation: *sun*, *splendor*, *glory*, *silver*, *violet*, *diamond*, *blue*, *jewel*, *melody*, *throb*, *organ*, *break*, *wretch*, *rush*, *roar*.

It will readily suggest itself to any one that the explosive consonants and short vowels represent one class of ideas, and that the long vowels and union sounds represent a different class. The word *violet*, as commonly pronounced *ri-let*, has lost the sound and sense connection: but pronounce it properly, *vi'o-let*, and the beauty, freshness, and delicacy of the flower is retained in the word. When the

word *diamond* is pronounced correctly, *di'a-mond*, one can see the sparkle and elegance of the jewel, which are lost when the word is pronounced *di-mund*.

Letters are much more significant than we imagine. As Ruskin pointed out, it is suggestive that we speak of a literary man as a man of letters, not as a man of words.

It could hardly be said that this adaptation of sound to sense is perfect, yet it is such that it makes the English language wonderfully expressive.

COMPASS.

Long *e* and broad *a* stand at opposite ends of the vowel scale, and govern the compass of the voice. All other vowels take their place according to their degree of volume, the more closed vowels having less volume, and consequently being higher than the more open ones.

It should not be understood from what has been said above that by acquiring a proper formation of the vowels, every one would have the same compass of voice. As the vocal anatomy of one person differs from that of another, the compass or range of voice must differ; but any voice can produce its highest pitch on long *e* and its lowest on broad *a*.

REGARDING THE USE OF THE VOWEL SCALE.

The study of all art should be preceded by the study of all the laws and principles which underlie it. Certain mechanical practice is essential to fit one for expressing ideas. It is necessary for the pianist to gain control of his hands before he can hope to make the tones of the piano express emotions and sentiments. There are persons who never go beyond the first stage to whom the most beautiful music is merely a mechanical exercise. For this defect neither

the teacher nor the art can be blamed. The singer or reader finds it necessary to have control of the voice and body before he can express his thoughts and feelings clearly and artistically.

As a means of gaining control of the voice, the vowel scale has been given. There are some, no doubt, who will object to it as being mechanical. Like the exercises that are necessary for the pianist, the vocal scale is useful to the reader or speaker in gaining control of the organs of speech. Years of experience in the classroom have convinced the authors of its value. It is no more mechanical to form the voice sounds properly than it is to learn to pronounce words properly. It would be deemed absurd to object to learning the correct pronunciation of words or a grammatical use of English on the ground that such knowledge would make the speaker self-conscious and unnatural. It is equally absurd to argue that learning to form the voice sounds correctly will interfere with individuality of expression. Like learning to walk, it requires attention at first, but, when acquired, is done without conscious effort. When one has gained control of the voice, it is no longer necessary to think of the means whereby the control was acquired: on the contrary, when proper habits are established, the mind should then be directed to the thought to be expressed.

VOWELS.

In the evolution of sound into speech the vowels are the first of the elementary sounds to be formed. There is no definite time or order in their development, as their formation depends largely upon the mental and physical condition of the child. In training the voice the open vowels should be the first exercises. Children always form the open vowels first. Infants laugh and cry with the mouth

wide open. At a later period of development a change takes place in the formation of the vowels; the mouth closes on the vanish of the sound, with the exception of the short vowels, *a, e, i, o, u*, which are explosives.

The first period shows a development more of the physical than the intellectual life of the child. Its feelings, like those of the lower animals, are shown through what might be called the tone color of the vowel sounds. They are high or low, loud or soft, depending on its physical condition.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE VOWEL SOUNDS.

Vowels are to words what verbs are to sentences; they are the backbone of the language. There cannot be a word without a vowel any more than there can be a sentence without a verb. The proper formation and placing of the vowels in their relation to one another and to other elementary sounds govern the modulation of the voice.

The first step in vocal culture is to thoroughly master the *organic formation* of all the elementary sounds. As the removal of all defects of speech depends on this step, its importance cannot be overestimated.

FORMATION OF THE VOWELS.

The vowel sounds are made solely in the larynx. This fact cannot be too strongly emphasized at the beginning. It is sometimes supposed that they should be formed with the articulatory organs. It is possible to do this, and the fact that it is possible has given rise to many absurd theories. There is considerable variation in the formation of the vowel sounds. Some are very large and open, as long *o* in the word *old*, and broad *a*, as in the word *all*. Some are small and closed, like long *e* in the word *seen* and short

i in the word *in*. In the formation of the smallest vowels the larynx is in its highest position, and in the formation of the largest vowels it is in its lowest position. Pronounce the words *seen* and *awe*. It will be noticed that in the former the larynx is highest, and that it is lowest on the latter. Long *e* and broad *a* stand at the opposite ends of the vowel scale, and, in regard to the formation of sounds, constitute the compass not only of the speaking, but of the singing voice. However, the compass of *formation* should not be confused with the compass of *pitch*. All the other vowels take their place in the scale according to their volume. The most closed sounds, such as *e*, *u*, are highest: and the most open sounds, such as *a*, *o*, *oi*, *ou*, are lowest.

There seems to be a great deal of misunderstanding as to the formation of the vowels and the relation they bear to each other. Even among those who speak authoritatively on the matter there is, to say the least, considerable confusion. When we are told that short *e* is often longer in quantity than long *e*, we are at a loss to understand the author's meaning. All the short vowels are incapable of prolongation. Some of them are more abrupt than others, the abruptness being modified by the consonant or union sound that precedes the vowel. For example, the *a* in *cat* is more abrupt than in *fat*, because the *k* sound which comes before it in the word *cat* is explosive, while the consonant *f* in the word *fat* is capable of prolongation. In order to express the meaning of the words containing the short vowels, the vowels have to be pronounced abruptly. To drag or prolong them destroys the expression of the word.

It should be carefully borne in mind that the first exercises in the cultivation of the voice should begin, not with

examples in reading, but with the analysis of the sounds that compose speech. Much valuable time is lost by practicing promiscuous examples. After the sounds have been mastered, practice on the selection may begin, but only on selections containing the noblest sentiments. *Only grand thoughts can produce a grand voice.*

TABLE OF THE VOWEL SOUNDS.

The vowels in the table given below are arranged according to their organic formation. The ability to form the sounds as given in this scale gives the greatest possible compass, volume, and melody to the speaking voice. Practice the vowels in the order shown in the diagram, making the compass between *e* and *a* as great as possible :

Long	ē	as in	seen.
Coalescent	ir	"	irritate.
Short	ī	"	in.
Coalescent	er	"	erse.
Short	ě	"	end.
Short	ōo	"	took.
Short	ũ	"	us.
Long	ū	"	use.
Long	ōō	"	ooze.
Coalescent	ur	"	urge.
Long	ā	"	aim.
Short	ă	"	am.
Coalescent	ar	"	arm.
Italian	ã	"	alms.
Intermediate	â	"	ask.
Long	î	"	ire.
Long	ō	"	ore.
Coalescent	oi	"	oil.
Short	ǒ	"	odd.
Coalescent	or	"	orb.
Coalescent	ou	"	out.
Broad	â	"	awe.

Let the student write the vowel scale and apply it to the following words, as shown in the preceding diagram. The value of this practice is that it impresses on the mind the relation the sounds bear to each other:

Speech, man, song, ask, bat, fame, large, run, men, light, dark, look, was, alms, grasp, band, kind, up, all, burst, are, the, throne, roll, blue, wide, wealth, thou, state, and, which, slave, poor, my, shall, be, just, his, false, back, no, there, sun, soon, them, reign, beau, hough, cough, laugh, nymph, rhythm, moon, dust, loathe, broad, shape, night, years, hour, now, knell, pulse, drum, pierce, from, world, sat, drop, calm, blast, storm, full, cool, tune, gold, aisle.

There is a considerable difference in *volume* in the words given in the list above. This difference is caused by the vowel in the word. These words have no compass.

The following list of words, although containing more than one syllable, are still devoid of compass, because they have the *same vowel* in each syllable. Like the foregoing list, some of these words have a great deal of volume, and others but little:

Infinite, provoke, believe, papa, between, promote, invincible, rampant, emblem, advance, limpid, murmur, bon-bon, cocoa, prorogue, twilight, forego, ballad, willing, caval, fungus, sentence.

It will be seen that words of two or more syllables, having the same vowel in each syllable, have no more compass than monosyllables, and that many monosyllabic words, such as *all, morn, storm, broad*, have more volume than many words of two or more syllables, such as *deceive, infinite, invincible*.

Monosyllables have volume, but no compass.

Words of two or more syllables, having the *same vowel* in each syllable, have volume, but not compass.

Words of two or more syllables, having a *different vowel* in each syllable, may have both compass and volume, these qualities being governed by the vowels in the word.

EXERCISE.

WORDS HAVING A DOWNWARD MOVEMENT OF THE VOICE.

The words in the following list have a descending vocal movement, the first syllable having a small, closed vowel; the second, a large, open one:

Creator, befall, devout, restore, signior, implore, exalt, endow.

ē.....	Cre	Be	De	Re	Sign			
ir.....								
ĩ.....						Im		
er.....								
ě.....							Ex	En
öö.....								
ũ.....								
û.....								
oo.....								
ur.....								
ā.....	a							
ǎ.....								
ar.....								
ä.....								
á.....								
ī.....								
ō.....				store		plore		
oi.....								
o.....								
or.....	tor				ior			
ou.....			vout					dow
a.....		fall					alt	

EXERCISE.

WORDS HAVING AN UPWARD MOVEMENT OF THE VOICE.

Words in this list have an upward movement of the voice, the first syllable having a deep, open vowel. The voice ascends as the vowels in the other syllables decrease in volume.

Austere, almighty, authority, augment, forgive, compete, convene, obsolete, volume, mountain.

ē	stere					pete	vene	lete		
ir										
ī		ty	ity		give					tain
er										
ě				ment						
ōō										
ũ									ume	
ū										
ōō										
ur										
ā										
ǎ										
ar										
ä										
á										
ī		migh								
ō								so		
oi										
ő						Com	Con	Ob	Vol	
or			thor		For					
ou										Moun
a	Au	Al	Au	Aug						

LONG VOWEL EXERCISE.

	ē	ū	ōō	ā	ī	ō	oi	ou	ä
	as in	as in	as in	as in	as in	as in	as in	as in	as in
s	see	sue	soon	say	sigh	so	soil	sow	saw
t	tea	tune	too	tay	tie	toe	toy	town	taw
p	pea	pew	pooh	pay	pie	Poe	poise	pound	paw
f	fee	few	food	fay	fie	foe	foil	found	fall
k	key	cue	cool	Kate	kind	cone	coy	count	call
ch	cheer		choose	chain	chime	chore	choice	chow	chaw
sh	she	shoe	shoe	shade	shy	show		shout	shaw
th	thief	thew		thane	thigh	thole			thaw
h	he	hue	who	hay	high	hoe	-hoy	hound	haw
wh	wheat	whew		whey	why	whoa			
n	nee	new	noon	nay	nigh	no	n oise	now	gnaw
m	me	mew	moon	may	my	more	moiety	mow	maw
l	lee	lieu	loose	lay	lie	low	loin	lout	law
r	reel		rue	ray	rye	row	roy	rout	raw
d	deer	due	do	day	die	doe	doit	doubt	daw
y	ye	you		yea					yaw
j	jeer	June		jay		Joe	joy	joup	jaw
v	veer	view		vane	vie	vote	voice	vow	vault
th	the			they	thy	tho		thou	
b	be	beauty	boon	bay	by	bow	boy	bound	ball
w	we		wound	way	wine	woe		wound	wall
g	gear	gew	ghoul	gay	guy	go	goi-	gout	gall

CONSONANTS.

The second period in the evolution of speech is marked by the formation of the consonants. As with the vowels, there is no definite time or order in their development. The consonants are purely breath sounds, and, except *k* and *h*, are formed in the front of the mouth by the tongue, teeth, and lips. They are the only elementary sounds that do not require the aid of the larynx in their production. Great care should be taken to form these sounds perfectly without wasting breath. Often more breath is wasted on a single aspirate than is necessary for the formation of the syllable or word in which it is found.

It must not be supposed that no consonants are formed by children until all the vowels are perfected. Such is not the case. The vowels are the first to be used, and mark the physical development. The formation of the consonants is the beginning of articulate speech, and marks the intellectual development.

The consonants are ten in number. In the following scale they are arranged according to their organic formation, beginning with the smallest and ending with the largest.

To get the *proper formation of each consonant and union sound*, each must be tested by placing it *after each of the vowels*, as shown in the following exercise. Consonants and union sounds are modified by the vowel sound that precedes them. It is misleading to give words as *key words* in which a consonant or a union sound begins or ends a word. No one word can demonstrate the proper formation of any particular element. For example, to give *fin* as the key word for the sound of *f* is not accurate if taken alone; for in such words as *if* and *off* there is a considerable difference in the formation of the sound *f*. When

pronouncing the word *if*, the lips are much closer together and are more compressed than when pronouncing the word *off*. On the latter the lips are much more open, giving a slightly different formation of the sound. It is erroneous to say that any one word will give the proper formation of any given sound. To make this clear, pronounce the word *song*. This would give the proper formation of *ng* in all the words where it was preceded by short *o*, as *long*, *throng*, *wrong*, etc.; but to say that the sound of *ng* in the word *song* is its proper and only formation is misleading, and is not an accurate analysis of the sound when preceded by the different vowels. *Sing*, *sang*, *sung*, *song*, give a wide difference both in the sound and formation of *ng*. In the word *sing* the sound of *ng* is high and fine, the tongue being pressed close against the roof of the mouth; in the word *song* the *ng* has not only a different formation, but a deeper resonance than the *ng* in *sing*. The vowel sound modifies both the formation and resonance of the consonant or union sound following it.

CONSONANT EXERCISE.

To acquire the proper formation of any consonant or union sound, giving it its varying degrees of formation, it should be practiced *after each vowel*, as shown in the following exercise. For distinctness of enunciation this is an important exercise, for in no other way can the mastery of the various shades of the consonants or union sounds be attained:

CONSONANT EXERCISE.

	s	t	p	k	f	ch	sh	th	h	wh
ē	as in cease	as in eat	as in leap	as in eke	as in leaf	as in each	as in leash	as in heath	as in he	as in wheat
ir			chirp	dirk				girl		whirl
ī	miss	it	tip	lick	if	itch	dish	withe	him	which
er	erse				serf	search		earth	her	
ē	less	let	step	peck	deaf	fetch		death	hem	when
oo	puss	put		look			push		hook	
ū	us	cut	up	luck	tuff	such	mush		hut	
ū	use	lute	dupe	duke				youth	hue	
oo	loose	loot	hoop		hoof		douch	tooth	who	
ur	purse	hurt		work	surf	lurch		worth	hurt	
ā	ace	ate	ape	lake	safe	aich		wraith	hay	why
ǎ	pass	at	tap	lack	raff	latch	ash		hat	whack
ar	parse	art	harp	ark	scarf	arch	harsh	hearth	hard	
ā	lass							path		
ā										
ī	ice	light	ripe	like	life				high	why
ō	dose	oat	rope	oak	loaf	coach		both	ho	
oi	joice								hoy	
ō	boss	hot	hop	lock	off	botch	bosh	broth	hot	what
or	horse	mort		fork				north	horse	
ou	house	out				ouch		mouth		
ā				walk		watch	wash			

UNION SOUNDS.

The *third period* in the evolution of speech is marked by the formation of the union sounds. These are by far the most difficult of all the elementary sounds to form correctly. This difficulty arises from the fact that they are not made by any one set of organs exclusively, but by a coöperation of the vocal and articulatory organs. By this combined action a new element is produced, which is different from either vowels or consonants, yet contains an element of each. Like the vowels and consonants, there is no definite time or order in their development.

The melody and resonance of speech depends very largely on the proper formation of the union sounds. Some of the vowel sounds, such as *a, e, i, o, u*, and words containing both vowels and union sounds have great resonance, as *band, organ, volume, honor*; but words composed entirely of vowels and consonants have little or no resonance and no music whatever. For example, *ship, cuff, thought, saith*. The union sounds are fifteen in number. They are arranged according to their organic formation, beginning with the high, nasal *n* and increasing in volume to the deep, guttural *g*.

UNION SOUND EXERCISE.

	n	m	l	r	z	d	y	ng
	as in	as in	as in	as in	as in	as in	as in	as in
ē	seen	seem	eel	ear	ease	seed	ye	
ir		firm	girl	sir	firs	bird		
ī	in	him	ill		is	bid		sing
er			earl	her	hers	herd	yearn	
ē	ten	hem	ell		says	head	yet	
ō			full			hood		
ū	tun	hum	hull		does	bud		sung
ū	tune		yule	pure	use	hewed	you	
ō	boon	loom	rool	poor	ooze	rood		
ur	burn	worm	furl	purr	burrs	word		
ā	bane	aim	ale	air	rays	aid	yea	
ā	ban	am	shall		has	add		sang
ar	barn	arm	Carl	are	bars	hard	yarn	
ā		alms						
ā					as			
ī	line	dime	file	ire	eyes	ride		
ō	own	dome	roll	ore	rose	rode	yore	
oi	loin		oil	moire	noise	devoid		
ō	on	from	loll			odd		
or	morn	storm		or	wars	lord		song
ou	down		owl	our	rouse	loud		
a	awn		awl		was	awed	yawn	

UNION SOUND EXERCISE.

	j	zh	v	th	b	w	g
	as in	as in	as in	as in	as in	as in	as in
ē	seige	seizure	eve	seethe		we	league
ir							
ī			live	with	fib	wit	big
er	serge		serve		erb	were	berg
ě	edge	treasure	seven		ebb	wet	beg
oo							
ũ	budge		love	other	hub	won	hug
û	huge	usury	you've		tube		bugle
oo	rouge		move	soothe	Rube	woe	
ur	urge		curve			work	
ā	age		rave	bathe	babe	way	vague
ǎ	badge		have		gab		bag
ar	large		carve		garb		bargain
ä		azure					
à							
ī			dive	tithe	jibe	wile	
ō		ambrosier	rove	loathe	Job	woe	rogue
oi							
ø	lodge		of	bother	job	wot	bog
or	gorge				orb	war	morgue
ou	gouge					wow	
ā						wall	

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

Indistinct and slovenly articulation is one of the greatest faults of speakers, both in public and private. The following exercises are designed to overcome this defect :

nt	as in	ant	rbdst	as in	barbed'st
nts	"	ants	zlst	"	dazzl'st
ndz	"	bands	zldst	"	dazzl'd'st
rnd	"	burned	knst	"	blacken'st
rndst	"	burn'd'st	kndst	"	black'nd'st
zn	"	prison	blz	"	troubles
znst	"	imprison'st	blst	"	troubl'st
zndst	"	imprison'd'st	bldst	"	troubl'd'st
nk	"	think	zd	"	gazed
nks	"	thinks	zdst	"	gazed'st
nkst	"	think'st	zd	"	pleased
njd	"	ranged	zdst	"	pleased'st
ngd	"	banged	rd	"	tittered
nkt	"	banked	rdst	"	tittered'st
ngth	"	length	sht	"	flashed
ngths	"	lengths	drs	"	thunders
knst	"	black'n'st	spt	"	clasped
kndst	"	blacken'd'st	nts	"	plants
rm	"	arm	ksts	"	texts
rms	"	arms	rld	"	curled
rmst	"	arm'st	znt	"	pleasant
rmdst	"	arm'd'st	ftst	"	waft'st
flst	"	trifl'st	stst	"	boast'st
fldst	"	haffl'dst	nst	"	canst
rvst	"	curv'st	rbd	"	barbed
rvdst	"	curv'd'st	nz	"	irons
thst	"	wreath'st	ngs	"	lightnings
thdst	"	wreath'd'st	fm	"	seraphim
glz	"	struggles	rdst	"	slumber'd'st
glst	"	struggl'st	ftdst	"	waft'd'st
gldst	"	struggl'd'st	fdst	"	reef'd'st
vlst	"	drivel'st	gld	"	haggled
vldst	"	drivel'd'st	lz	"	sails
bd	"	orbed	rdz	"	shepherds
bdst	"	rob'd'st	vz	"	behaves

nkst	as in	thinkst	kt	as in	attached
ptst	"	weptst	zmz	"	spasms
mst	"	harm'st	nths	"	months
ngst	"	wrong'st	ngth	"	length
nkldst	"	twinkl'dst	dth	"	breadth
rldz	"	worlds	mblz	"	thimbles
ks	"	sex	dst	"	midst
kts	"	sects	tl	"	battle
pt	"	slept	psts	"	tempests
ptst	"	slept'st	lts	"	bolts
st	"	crossed	kuz	"	tokens
sts	"	wastes	ndst	"	found'st
rts	"	deserts	vd	"	loved
dl	"	bridle	vdst	"	lov'dst
dld	"	bridled	ldst	"	wildest
dldst	"	bridl'd'st	gdl	"	rugged
th	"	wreath	klz	"	rascals
thd	"	wreathed	ks	"	sticks
thdst	"	wreath'd'st	zth	"	ariseth
kl	"	truckle	rl	"	whirl
kld	"	truckled	cht	"	crouched
kldst	"	truckl'dst	ktst	"	look'dst
nd	"	reasoned	ft	"	laughed
dst	"	reason'dst	fdst	"	laugh'dst
nd	"	hardened	dst	"	guid'st
ndst	"	harden'dst	sl	"	whistle
thrd	"	smothered	rb	"	orb
thrdst	"	smother'dst	rbd	"	orb'd
rkn	"	hearken	bl	"	trouble
rknd	"	hearkened	blz	"	troubles
rkndst	"	hearken'dst	bld	"	troubled
md	"	doomed	blst	"	troubl'st
mdst	"	doom'dst	bldst	"	troubl'dst
pts	"	accepts	bz	"	ribs
mpt	"	prompt	bd	"	robbed
bs	"	clubs	bst	"	bobb'st
vz	"	strives	bdst	"	robb'd'st
ks	"	rocks	dl	"	handle
mz	"	swims	dld	"	handled
dz	"	seeds	dldst	"	handl'd'st

EXAMPLES IN ARTICULATION.

1. She uttered a shrill shriek and shrank from the shriveled form.
2. She says she shall sew a sheet.
3. Crazy Crayeroft caught a crate of crinkled crabs.
4. Weave the warp and weave the woof.
5. He was formidable, unbearable, intolerable, unmanageable, and terrible.
6. The crafty creatures crawled in crowds.
7. He sawed six long, slim, sleek, slender saplings.
8. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.
9. A tell-tale, tattling termagant that troubled all the town.
10. While summer's rosy wreaths for me are twined,
While summer fragrance lingers on the wind.
11. The ship sailed safely over the sea.
12. The cultivated shrubs and plants.
13. I said, "It snows;" not, "Its nose."
14. He selected his texts with care.
15. "Go, my son, and shut the shutter."
This, I heard a mother utter.
"Shutter's shut," the boy did mutter;
"I can't shut it any shutter."
16. Round the rough and rugged rocks the ragged rascals ran.
17. O breeze, that waft'st me on my way.
18. This was the most unkindest cut of all.

19. Thou boast'st of what should be thy shame.
20. Life's fitful fever over, he rests well.
21. Did you say, "On either," or, "On neither?" "An ocean," or, "A notion?"
22. She sells sea shells. Shall he sell sea shells?
23. Thou waft'st the rickety skiffs over the cliffs.
24. His faults showed him to be false.
25. Shall I prompt you?
26. Thou reef'd'st the haggled, shipwrecked sail.
27. Some shun sunshine. Do you shun sunshine?
28. Thou wept'st for his faults.
29. The stars that twinkled'st in the morning.
30. This act more than all other acts laid the ax at the root of the evil.
31. The old, cold, scold sold a school coal scuttle.
32. The hosts still stand in the strangest plight.
33. Did you say that people of both sex and of any sect might attend the school?
34. It was by chance I heard the chants.
35. I said, "That last still night;" not, "That lasts till night."
36. Not one who had lived and suffered death.
37. Thou wrong'st and harm'st them.
38. A big, black bug bit a big black bear.
39. Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words.
40. Some shrewd contents.
41. The missionary gave them tracts.
42. There were tracts of land and tracks in the snow.
43. He has no sense of justice though he has cents.

44. Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare—
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare—
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.
45. This strict court of Venice must needs give sentence
'gainst the merchant there.
46. The prince was present when the prints were made.
47. The influence of tens of thousands tends to elevate
them.
48. I said, "Mince;" not, "Mints."
49. Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy
God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
well, thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
50. She wept most when the guest lost the highest-priced
lace in the east garden.
51. This was the dearest object of her existence.
52. Five wise wives weave withered withes.
53. There were hosts of birds' nests in tufts of grass.
54. Westminster is near.
55. Last night he said he would visit it.
56. She wept past.
57. Thou visitest us.
58. It sufficeth us.
59. Most startling stories were circulated.
60. The frost looked forth.
61. The muscles were tense.
62. They pitched their tents.
63. When the wheel whirled, the whale was seen.

64. He asked when, where, and why.
65. The broken clouds sailed off in crowds.
66. The whining whittler whetted his scythe and whipped
the whistler.
67. There are several conflicts.
68. In the days of thy youth.
69. After the most straightest sect of our religion.
70. The object is perfect.
71. White clouds scud before the storm.
72. I shall stay whilst it lasts.
73. He was most tranquil.
74. She first asked for the best silver spoons.
75. The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form;
The white spray beats against the panes.
76. Like some wet ghost.
77. While the wild ocean wilder whirls.
78. Without the world is wild with rage.
79. Open vistas skirted with tall pines.
80. I find green fields wait for me.
81. The forest's shade, the wild bird's melody.
82. Amidst the vast unknown.
83. He attempts to slay the beasts.
84. Sparks flew over Twelfth street.
85. The prospect reflects defects.
86. The Picts struck the busts with picks.
87. He showed the foul'st contempt for authority.
88. For Christ's sake she became an outcast.
89. He attempts to solve the vast problem of the past.
90. She tripped and was crushed beneath shafts and
looms.

91. For months there were no lights but lamps.
92. She passed the crypt and stopped, perplexed.
93. She tore the crisp script.
94. He did a good deed.
95. He said, "Good day."
96. He seemed to esteem me.
97. Soon they saw some men.
98. He cut two thistle stocks.
99. The groves were God's first temples.
100. He failed on the first test.
101. Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. Now if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb.

WORDS COMMONLY MISPRONOUNCED.

acclimate	burlesque	chlorine
acoustics	Bozzaris	choleric
adept	Balmoral	cleanly
alien	behemoth	coterie
ally	bestial	coupon
antarctic	biology	courier
amenable	bomb	covetous
apparatus	bona fide	creek
assets	bravado	colosseum
aroma		combatant
artificer	caprice	comrade
asbestos	carat	conjure
atheneum	cassimere	coquetry
abdomen	Charivari	courteous
adjective	chateau	Crimean
address	complaisance	cupola
alias	comparable	Curacoa
alibi	concourse	
allopathy	conduit	damning
allies	contumely	decade
alternate	conversant	deficit
amour	coquet	demise
apricot	craunch	demoniacal
arctic	crochet	despicable
aspirant	croquet	didactic
audacious	croquette	diphtheria
auxiliary	cuisine	disputable
address	communist	docile
	Cairo	dolorous
bade	canine	delicate
benzine	Capuchin	dare
bouquet	Caribbean	debauchee
blatant	cerement	debris
bivouac	cherubim	debut
bromide	chimpanzee	dynamite
bromine	chirography	diocesan
bronchitis	chiroprapist	douche
buoyant	chloride	drouth

ducat	gaol	irremediable
dost	gaseous	irrevocable
duty	gauntlet	inquiry
	gaunt	integral
enervate	Genoa	intrigue
Elgin	geyser	italic
elysium	Giaour	isolate
exotic	gladiolus	
extant	glamour	jaguar
extol	Goliath	jaundice
epizootic	gondola	joust
eclat	granary	jocund
elegiac	gratis	jugular
elocution	gewgaw	juvenile
encore	gyves	
ennui		lethe
exegesis	haunch	lever
exile	haunt	lien
eyry	hearth	literati
falcon	hecatomb	loath
falconer	heinous	larynx
faucet	heraldic	lyceum
February	herculean	lethargic
fetid	homeopathist	
finale	homeopathy	massacring
finance	hospitable	mausoleum
financier	hussar	mauve
flaccid	hymeneal	mediocre
floral	hyperbole	memoir
forbade	halibut	mesdames
franchise	hearths	molecule
frontier	hirsuite	mustache
feline	homage	matron
fete	hostage	mischievous
finis		morphine
fragile	illustrate	moths
fricassee	imbroglio	
frontal	indecorus	neuralgia
frontispiece	indisputable	newspaper
fulsome	iodine	nuisance

naiad	prologue	senile
nascent	protege	seraglia
nauseous	placard	serapis
nectarine	plagiarism	sesame
nicotine	plebeian	simultaneous
'nomad	poignant	sinecure
nonpareil	precedency	sobriquet
notable	precedent	soporific
	predatory	sough
oral	prelate	squalor
orgies	pretty	subtle
orotund	profuse	sacrament
oaths	prolix	sagacious
obligatory	protean	salic
Oceanus	puissance	salon
occult	pyramidal	satirist
onyx	prairie	satyr
opponent		savant
Orion	quota	scallop
orthoepist		schism
oxide	regime	sciatica
	reptile	seance
patron	resin	semester
papyrus	resume	senna
peony	rapine	sepulture
phonics	raspberry	servile
pincers	recess	siesta
piquant	refutable	siren
panegeric	remediable	sirup
parquet	reparable	slough
particular	research	soiree
pharmaceutic	respiratory	subpœna
peremptory	resource	suggest
piazza	revolt	syncope
poem	robust	
pomel	romance	tenacious
poinard		tortoise
prescience	sacerdotal	toward
prescient	sacrilege	trachea
privative	salient	truculent

tepid	turgid	venial
tableaux	talc	vignette
terpsichore	tiny	virago
traverse	tranquil	vagary
tribunal	tartaric	volatile
tribune	tirade	
troche	trilobite	yacht
truffle		
tobacco	Uranus	zouave
trousseau	uxorious	

II. PHYSICAL CULTURE.

It is not intended to give here a treatise on physical culture. The following exercises are interspersed with just as little explanation as is consistent with clearness. They will be found valuable in overcoming faults of carriage, stiffness of the muscles, round shoulders, depressed chest, protruding hips and chin, and other faults which so commonly deform the human body. A graceful presence is one of the most essential requisites of a person who wishes to win public favor. These exercises render the body more graceful and responsive to the will, and, therefore, more expressive.

While taking the exercises one's dress should be loose enough so that it will in no way restrict the movements; otherwise, injury will result. Indeed, at any time tight clothing is injurious to the health. It also destroys the volume and power of the voice, and makes visible expression next to impossible. Those who wish to pursue the study of elocution will do well to regulate their clothing according to the dictates of common sense.

CORRECT STANDING POSITION.

Take the weight on the balls of the feet; let the heels lightly touch the floor; lift the chest forward and upward to such a position that a line drawn from it would fall *in front of the toes*. It will be noticed that this draws the hips back.

Sometimes pupils are so eager to make the chest prominent that they bend at the hips, thus giving an awkward,

angular position to the body. To avoid this, see that the *shoulders, hips, and ankles are in a line with one another*. Do not hold the shoulders back. This is a fallacy taught in the old-time gymnastics which gives one a rigid attitude. Keep the chest up, and do not think of the shoulders. Keep the head erect, being careful not to protrude the chin. Much care should be taken to acquire a correct standing position. Nothing is more important either from the standpoint of health or art, and it is the basis of grace.

No doubt those who have been accustomed to stand with the weight on the heels, with shoulders held stiffly back, or those who have stood with bowed back and drooping shoulders, will think at first that they cannot maintain the position indicated above; but one week devoted to the correct habit will convince them not only that it is more graceful, but that it is easier than the old position.

EXERCISE I. Lift the hands above the head and clasp them, turning the palms upward. Rise on the toes, reaching upward with the clasped hands as far as possible. Keeping the position on the toes, bring the hands down behind the back; clasp them and pull down vigorously, at the same time lifting the chest forward. Bring the heels lightly to the floor. Keep the chest in position and drop the arms at the side.

This exercise expands the chest, and calls attention to the bad habit of swaying the weight back on the heels.

RELAXING EXERCISES.

In order to accomplish anything in visible expression—or, indeed, in vocal expression—it is necessary to overcome that tense condition of the nerves which has become so prevalent in all classes of society. The following exercises

help to establish a habit of self-control and give an ease and repose to the body which is invaluable to every one, whether in public or private life:

EXERCISE I. Remove all tension from the muscles of the neck and let the head fall lifelessly forward on the chest. Lift the head to position and let it fall backward. If the tension is entirely removed, the jaw will drop. Lift the head; let it fall on the right shoulder and on the left alternately. After returning to position, drop the head forward again; then slowly roll it to the right; then to the back, left, and front, describing a circle by the movement. Repeat the movement, carrying the head first to the left.

EXERCISE II. Lift the arms above the head; then let them fall, lifelessly, at the sides. Repeat three times; then extend the arms above the head, and, after energizing to the finger tips, remove the energy from the joints successively, dropping first the fingers, then the hand, then the forearm, and, last, the upper arm.

EXERCISE III. Lift the shoulders as high as possible, and then let them drop. Repeat three times.

EXERCISE IV. Lift the upper arms to a level with the shoulders, the forearm hanging down perpendicularly. Remove the tension from the fingers, and shake them by the power in the hand.

EXERCISE V. Remove the tension from the hands. By the power in the forearms shake the hands up and down; then give the hands an inward circular motion, then an outward circular motion.

EXERCISE VI. Lift the upper arms, letting the forearms hang relaxed; then relax the upper arms, letting the arms fall at the sides. Repeat this

three times; then lift the upper arms, and, by the power in them, describe an inward circular motion with the forearm; then describe an outward circular motion.

EXERCISE VII. Take the weight on the right foot and swing the left foot backward and forward without any tension or stiffness in the knee or hip; then swing it in a circle around the right leg. Take the weight on the left foot and repeat the exercise with the right leg.

EXERCISE VIII. Lean the body over the right hip, letting the head hang relaxed. Keeping the legs energized, let the body fall forward. If this is done correctly, the arms will swing to and fro and the head hang forward on the chest. Slowly return to position, letting each joint of the spine unfold successively, the head being the last to return to position. Repeat the exercise to the left side.

Besides aiding in visible expression by giving a flexibility and control to the nerves and muscles, these exercises are of great assistance in voice culture, because they remove that undue strain from the body which so often causes disastrous results to the voice if not corrected in time.

CAUTION.

When the student has learned to thoroughly relax the body, he should always practice the breathing or some other energizing exercise after the practice in relaxation.

Any exercise may be practiced to excess, though such is not usually the case. Cases are known, however, where pupils have practiced relaxing until the system became devitalized, and dire results followed. In beginning, from ten to fifteen minutes is enough to devote to this practice

at *one time*, though one may practice three or four times a day.

BREATHING EXERCISES.

Incorrect habits of standing and tight clothing are the two greatest causes of incorrect respiration. Let one remove such clothing as in any way restricts the body, and, lying flat on his back, observe his respiration. He will notice that he breathes from the diaphragm, and that the muscles of the abdomen rise and fall with every inhalation and exhalation. All *healthy, unrestricted* grown people breathe in this way.

For the cultivation of the voice, whether for speaking or singing, nothing is more important than the proper control of the breath; indeed, nothing can be accomplished without it. It is the basis of tone production, the strength, volume, and carrying power depending largely on the depth and control of respiration.

Great care should be taken to establish the habit of inhaling through the nostrils. Most persons are not aware of the extent to which they practice mouth breathing until their attention is called to it. Much of the dryness and huskiness of the throat experienced by public speakers is the result of this habit. The air needs warming by passing through the nasal cavities before reaching the vocal organs. Breathing through the nostrils causes the destruction, to a large extent, of the dust and disease germs, which, if inhaled through the mouth, may cause throat and lung trouble. There is probably no habit that is harder to overcome; neither is there one for overcoming which one is more richly paid. Besides being the basis of voice culture, proper breathing is essential to perfect health. Many cases of incipient blood poisoning, as well as of throat and pulmonary affections, may be driven away by deep breathing.

Nervous persons have been known to gain great control by this simple act. Fresh, pure air, and plenty of it, is the best remedy for many diseases in their first stages.

In correct breathing the air passes through the nostrils, along the nasal cavities, through the posterior nares into the pharynx, through the glottis into the trachea, thence through the bronchial tubes into the lungs. In the act of respiration the diaphragm contracts, pushing the abdominal organs downward and outward. The oxygen in the air that has been breathed into the lungs purifies the blood. After this life principle has been taken from the air, it passes out through the same organs by which it entered, carrying the impurities of the blood. In expiration the diaphragm recovers its former position, and, pressing against the lungs, forces the air out. It is the air in its passage outward that constitutes material for the formation of the voice. All voice is produced by exhalation.

EXERCISE I. Take a good standing position. Place the hands at the side just above the waist. Exhale so that the muscles under the hand contract; then inhale, expanding the muscles. During the exercise do not let the shoulders or chest rise or fall.

EXERCISE II. Inhale while slowly counting ten. Hold the breath while counting ten; then exhale while counting ten. As the strength increases, increase the number of counts for the exercise.

EXERCISE III. Inhale; carry the arms above the head till the palms touch; then turn the palms up and push upward vigorously. Exhale while returning to position.

EXERCISE IV. Inhale; lift the arms forward, up, and back so as to describe a circle. Hold the breath while the revolutions of the arms are described. Repeat the exercises three times.

STRETCHING EXERCISES.

- EXERCISE I. Lift the arms above the head, reaching up as far as possible; then slowly bend forward, reaching down as far as possible without bending the knees. Relax the arms, head, and back, and slowly return to position.
- EXERCISE II. Drop the head back as in the relaxing exercise, and bend the back and knees so as to let the body down and back as far as possible. One should be careful not to bend further back than to have perfect control of himself. Slowly return to position, letting the head be the last to rise.
- EXERCISE III. Take a wide base. Transfer the weight to the right foot, bending the body over the left hip. Return to position. Transfer the weight to the left foot, bending over the right hip. During this exercise the face and chest should face front.
- EXERCISE IV. Carry the chin as far around over the right shoulder as possible. From this position tip the head back toward the left shoulder; then bring the chin downward toward the right shoulder. Repeat to the left side.
- EXERCISE V. Bend forward from the hips; then carry the body around to the right side; then to the back, left, and front, trying to describe a circle by the movement. Repeat the exercise, beginning the movement to the left side. Be sure to keep the muscles of the neck relaxed, and avoid undue tension in any of the muscles.

The value of this division of the exercises will be seen in the increased flexibility of the body.

REACHING EXERCISES.

EXERCISE I. Take the weight on the right foot; step the left foot at side, so as to have a wide base, and the left foot at right angles with the right foot. Lift the right hand, pushing up and out with the palm of right hand, at the same time lifting the foot off the floor and pushing down and out with it. Repeat the exercise with the weight on left foot, pushing with left hand and right foot.

EXERCISE II. Taking the weight on the right foot, place the toe of the left foot well forward. Lift the right arm, pushing up and back with the palm of the right hand. Lift the left foot off the floor, pushing down and out with it. Repeat the exercise with weight on left foot.

EXERCISE III. Place the right foot forward, taking the weight on it. Lift the right arm, pushing up and out with the palm of the hand. Push down and back with the left foot. Repeat the exercise with the weight on the left foot.

If these exercises are practiced vigorously, they will strengthen and develop the muscles.

POISING EXERCISES.

EXERCISE I. With the weight on both feet, poise as far forward as possible without bending from the hips or lifting the heels from the floor; then poise as far back as possible without lifting the toes from the floor. Repeat the exercise three times; then rise on the toes and hold the position while counting ten.

EXERCISE II. Repeat Exercise I., with the weight on one foot, lifting the other foot entirely off the floor. In returning to position, the pupil

should be careful to keep the weight on the balls of the feet. There seems to be a general tendency to sway back on the heels.

EXERCISE III. Rise on the toes; then, by bending the knees and ankles only, kneel on the floor and return to position without bending the hips or letting the hands touch anything.

EXERCISE IV. Take the weight on the right foot, cross the left foot over it, rise on the toes, pivot around slowly, making a complete circle and returning to position. Repeat the movement, placing the right foot over the left.

EXERCISE V. Take the weight on the right foot; lift the left leg so as to allow of free movement of the foot. With the knee slightly bent, lift the heel as far from the floor as possible, pointing the toe down and out. By a free movement of the hip and knee describe an outward circular movement with the left toe. Repeat the circular movement three times. While doing this, be careful to keep the body well poised, the weight on the ball of the right foot, and the chest well forward. When the third circular movement has been completed, place the ball of the left foot on the floor, take the weight on it, and bend the left knee so that the right knee touches the floor. Rise to position. Repeat the exercise with the weight on the left foot.

EXERCISES FOR HARMONIC ACTION.

EXERCISE I. Step the left foot back, taking the weight on it. Bend the left knee as much as possible, keeping the right knee straight. As the body bends backward, let the head and chest sink. In rising to position, carry the weight to the right foot and lift the head and chest

as the body becomes erect. Repeat the exercise, stepping the right foot back.

EXERCISE II. Take the weight on the right foot advanced. Lift the left arm above the shoulder, keeping the elbow straight and letting the wrist lead. As the arm rises, carry the head down to the chest. As the arm is brought down to position, let the elbow lead and the hand bend back from the wrist. At the same time lift the head to position. Repeat the exercise with the left hand, the weight being on the left foot. Repeat the exercise with both hands, the weight being on both feet.

EXERCISE III. Take the weight on the right foot advanced. While slowly poising the weight back on the left foot, lift the arms, letting the back of the wrist lead; then turn the palm out, carrying the hand down, the movement described being circular, the first half with the back of the wrist leading, the second half with the front of the wrist leading. Continue this movement of the arms while poising forward again.

EXERCISE IV. Kneel on the left knee, giving the same movement of the arms as described in Exercise III. while going down, and the same while rising. Repeat the exercises, kneeling on right knee.

EXERCISE V. Take the weight on the right foot; extend the left foot at the side, the knee being slightly bent, and the inside of the ball of the foot only touching the floor. Bend over the left hip, looking down at the toes. Transfer the weight to the left foot, placing the right foot in the position described above, and look down at the right toe. Step the right foot up to position, extend the left foot, and continue the movement for ten steps; then reverse the movement so as to move to the right.

III. GESTURE.

There is no subject more difficult to teach than gesture, and no other phase of expression which has called forth so much controversy. There are two extreme theories in regard to visible expression—one advocating the use of arbitrary rules and imitation, the other maintaining that any movement one feels impelled to make must be correct. The last-named theory is an easy way of disposing of the difficult question. But the merits of any system are to be judged by the results, and those who most warmly advocate this theory are frequently weakest in expression, and often contradict by gesture what they say in words. The writer once heard an exponent of this system on "Visible Expression." He stood before the public with his thumbs in his pockets and his toes over the edge of the platform. With his hand half closed, he gave a sideways jerk of the thumb to emphasize the assertion that "gesture could take care of itself." Awkwardness and boorishness are undoubtedly natural to some people, but every one who wishes for the advancement of the human race, as well as that of the artist, will strive to overcome his personal limitations and defects and to formulate an ideal to which he will endeavor to attain.

It is not necessary to discuss the defects of a mechanical system of teaching, as they are only too apparent to every thinking man; but gesture can be taught without using arbitrary rules or restricting the individuality of any one.

The object of physical culture is to correct awkwardness of attitude and movement. It should be diligently prac-

ticed, as awkwardness calls attention to itself, thereby detracting from the thought. When the body has gained some degree of responsiveness by exercises of this kind, expressiveness may be further developed by the study and practice of the principles of gesture which are given in the following pages.

The simplest kind of gesture is that used to point out anything. When the object is before one, the task is not difficult. It is when the real object is not present that the student finds it difficult to point it out or describe it by gesture: yet this is what the reader or speaker is expected to do. The greatest difficulty in this matter is caused by a lack of the power of imagination. No gesture can be made correctly unless the speaker clearly sees the object he wishes to indicate. Suppose he uses the sentence:

"Yonder stands the cottage in which I was born."

If he is going to point out the cottage, he must first see it himself. Nor is it sufficient to have a dim idea of the house. He must see the cottage in all its details—its situation, whether in town, village, or country; the material of which it is made; its size, shape, and color; its surroundings—trees, flowers, shrubs, etc. All these details the speaker must have clearly before him. If the selection does not furnish the details, his imagination should do so. If his imagination is sufficiently powerful, he will be able to make the picture really exist for his audience for the time, just as our dreams are the most real things in the world to us during sleep. If he sees the picture himself and holds it in his mind while he is speaking, it is not likely that his gestures will be very far from right. His hand may be prone or supine, or he may use the index finger, according to his temperament. The latter is, in the opinion of the authors, a better gesture than either of the others, as it points out more definitely.

It takes considerable practice in gesture to make the body responsive to the mind, but it requires greater effort and more care for the average student to form the picture clearly in the imagination. Below another example is given to illustrate this principle of imagining the scene described by words:

**Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray.**

In giving these lines, one should see not only the steeple, but the building to which it belongs—its height, etc.—and then the old man who sits there. As the gesture is to call attention to the man, the steeple being of secondary importance, it should be sustained till a picture is completed by the words.

Proportion plays an important part in descriptive gesture. How often we see buildings described as if they were little larger than a toy Noah's ark; trees, as if they were shrubs; mountains, as if they were sand hills; and lakes and rivers, as if they were fish ponds. This tendency to dwarf objects is more marked in readers than in speakers, as with the latter the thoughts are their own.

Among certain classes there is an inclination to impersonate wherever it is possible. A young lady of some education was seen, when giving these lines from Longfellow's "Legend of the Beautiful,"

**In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon her bosom crossed,
Wondering, whispering, adoring,
Knelt the monk in rapture lost,**

to cross her hands, look upward, and make a sweeping bow to show the attitude of the monk. It scarcely need be said that this is absurd, yet not infrequently we see

quite as absurd things on the platform. If any gesture is necessary on the lines given above, it is only an objective one. It is not the attitude of the monk, but his sentiment, that is the important thing. The audience will imagine his posture. The same lady, when reciting the lines,

Suddenly, as if it lightened,

waved her arms wildly to and fro to represent the *lightning*, she said.

No doubt many have seen the lines from "The Charge of the Light Brigade,"

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,

given with a whirling upward movement of the arms to indicate the flashing of the sabers; and the same reader on the lines,

Cossack and Russian
Reeled from their saber stroke
Shattered and sundered,

will often reel and stagger in his effort to be dramatic. The picture in these lines is objective, and an attempt to impersonate such as just described detracts from rather than intensifies the scene.

It is too much to say one should never impersonate except where a character speaks, but it is better to err on the side of too little impersonation than on the side of too much. Sometimes readers go so far as to attempt to impersonate animals. The writer once had a pupil who was preparing a selection in which a country lass bringing home the cows was described. In the middle of the piece the reader stopped and asked what gesture she should make for a cow switching her tail. This was an extreme case,

but it may serve as a warning to those who think it necessary to impersonate every movement described. The more primitive the mind, the greater is the inclination to act out the situation. We see this tendency in children when endeavoring to describe something they have seen. They are given to impersonating and exaggerating; but as the mind matures, this tendency becomes less. Some adults in this respect are but children grown tall.

SUBJECTIVE GESTURE.

In expressing abstract thought, many speakers seem to have but little idea regarding gesticulation other than to pound the air with their hands, often the words and gestures contradicting each other. A little thought given as to how to bring out the meaning of the word by the gesture would correct many defects. Let us look at the sentence:

“ I protest against such a measure.”

Usually when a speaker utters this sentence he lifts his hand in a vertical line and brings it down vigorously on the word *protest*. If we consider the meaning of the word *protest*, to make a solemn affirmation or declaration against, we shall see that to protest by gesture as well as by voice we have to lift the hand as an affirmation, which movement has the significance of lifting one's voice against. The palm of the hand facing strongly to the front has the significance of the preposition *against*.

“ Proclaim the tidings to all the people.”

This sentence, too, is generally accompanied by a downward movement on the word *proclaim*, but gesticulation can proclaim, or make public, only by an upward movement of the hand.

"They tell us to be moderate, but they—they are to revel in profusion."

In this sentence the ideas of moderation and profusion are contrasted. How can this contrast be shown by gesture? It is simple enough when one stops to consider it.

A clergyman, of whose sincerity one could have no doubt, was heard exhorting his congregation "to be Christlike." On the word *Christlike* he brought his clenched fist down forcibly on the desk.

These and many other instances which might be given go to show that the gesture of the average speaker can well be improved by a little thought. If our knowledge of human nature was deep enough, no doubt we could use gesture as accurately as speech. Dr. McLellan, in "Applied Psychology," says: "Among those in whom articulate speech does not render it [gesture] unnecessary there is produced a *gesture language*. This is found among deaf mutes and among savage tribes who are in close relation with other tribes speaking different dialects. So instinctive and unconventional is their mode of expression that it has been found that North American Indians and deaf mutes have no difficulty in understanding one another when they come together for the first time." It is evident that there must be certain principles underlying the "gesture language" which, if we could understand, would make the art of gesticulation comparatively simple. That we do not understand this language is because we do not live in such close harmony with nature as do these people. Animals, because they are near to nature, are told by their instincts which herbs are poison and which are not. Form and motion must be the expression of some power behind them. An eminent philosopher has said: "All natural forms bear their signatures, which indicate their natures.

Minerals, vegetables, and animals remain true to their natures, and their forms indicate their characters. Man, who has become unnatural, is the only being whose character often belies his form, because, while his character may be changed into that of an animal, his form has retained the human shape." Thus it is that it is more difficult to understand the expression of man's nature than that of any other being. "If our bodies were formed of a more ethereal and plastic material than of muscles and bones, each change in our character would produce quickly a corresponding change of our form; but gross matter is inert, and follows only slowly the impression made upon the soul." This fact makes it all the more necessary that the body should receive training in expression.

Dr. Hopkins, in "Outline Study of Man," says that man is the only animal that uses either articulate language or arbitrary signs as a means of intercommunication. This is the result of abstract thought; "and abstract thought," says Dr. Hopkins, "marks the difference between man and animals." It is the gesture which accompanies abstract thought that is the most difficult to determine. Having for ages used his own inventions for communicating ideas, man's natural tendencies have weakened from use. Deaf mutes, by force of circumstances, follow the dictates of their instincts. The Indians and other primitive races are guided by their instincts and intuition more than we, and thus possess a power which we have all but lost.

"For every thought," says Dr. Franz Hartman, "there is an outward expression; and if we have a thought which we cannot express by symbols, it does not follow that such symbols do not exist, but that we are unacquainted with them. A word or a language is the expression of thought, and, to be perfect, it must give perfect expression to the

thought it was intended to convey. By giving a false expression to thought the power of language is lost."

The researches of Delsarte have done much to show the relation between thought and *form* and *motion*. His name has been belittled by so many impostors who have tried to cloak their own ignorance under a great name that one hesitates to even mention it; but being unwilling to take credit for that which is not their own, the authors wish to say that many of the ideas expressed here in regard to gesture, especially to subjective gesture, are derived from the teachings of the French master.

Whether a gesture is subjective or objective, it must be made in either a curve or straight line, and must move in some direction, either in a perpendicular line, the heights or depths; in a horizontal line, the lengths; or it must move out from the body, the widths—that is, laterally. These different modes of motion represent the different phases of character. The movements made in the heights and depths are expressive of intellect. Man is the only being on the globe that stands erect. It is the domination of the mind that keeps him in this position, and the perpendicular line is its symbol.

The affections manifest themselves by movements made in the widths. Grandeur, beauty, sublimity, truth, and goodness are expressed in upward, curved movements. When we think of God, the natural tendency is to look upward even mentally. Our ideals are ever above us. That which is base and low is represented by downward movements. We think ourselves as being above ignoble things.

The horizontal movements, or lines in the lengths, are a manifestation of the vital principle. The heads of all animals are bowed to the earth. Pugilists move mainly in this direction. Threatening, anger, and other passions be-

longing to the animal man are expressed in the horizontal lines. Let us examine a few examples to illustrate the manifestation of the different phases of character through the direction of the movement:

"Wisdom is better than riches."

Here two ideas are compared, and one is said to be better than the other. The degree of inferiority or superiority attaching to either will depend on the speaker's conception. One who leaves gesture to the impulse of the moment would in all probability dismiss the example with a meaningless wave of the hand. That he made any movement at all would prove to him that it was a correct one. But a very little thought will convince one that the only appropriate gesture on wisdom would be upward, the direction of all movements expressive of the highest sentiments within us. One's gesture will be governed by the comparison he draws between the two ideas; that is, the higher he will place wisdom, the lower he will place riches, for riches belong to the material world only. One who values riches more than wisdom will be likely to show his preference in his gesture, if he expresses a comparison at all.

"Ignorance dissolves before the light of knowledge."

There is a similarity between this sentence and the one given above. Here again comparison is expressed. Ignorance is lower than riches in that it requires a certain kind of intellect to acquire wealth. The prone hand expresses ignorance as it does all those things which are dark, mysterious, not clearly seen or understood. Knowledge belongs to the intellectual zone, but is less exalted than wisdom. The supine hand expresses knowledge, the opposite of ignorance, and all other ideas of the same class—light, life, etc. The movement from ignorance to knowledge will express the action of dissolving.

"I deny the statement."

Here the mentality which denial requires is expressed by a movement of the hand in the heights and depths. If one's indignation is aroused, it will give a tendency to move toward the vital line during the last part of the gesture.

"I give thee in thy teeth the lie."

A movement expressive of the sentiment in this sentence will be in the lengths, as it belongs to the force of animal nature. The lower the order of intelligence of the speaker, the more strongly physical will the movement become, even to the closing of the hand.

An illustration of movement in the widths is given in the sentence:

"The boy cried, 'Mother, mother!' as the door flew open."

As the boy extends his arms to his mother, the direction is expressive of affection.

There is a correspondence between the hand and the face; and, indeed, between all the members of the body. The closed fist corresponds to the lowered brow and set chin. Its meaning is too evident to need explanation. The prone hand corresponds to the brow lowered in thought. It expresses that the subject is not clearly understood or indicates something that is too far away to be easily seen. The sentence, "Before him lay the unexplored future," would be expressed with prone hands, because the future is unexplored or unknown. So, too, if we say: "One vast realm of wonder spreads around." Wonder implies ignorance of the subject, and the prone hand conveys this idea. The supine hand and the open face indicate things that are clearly seen or known. For example: "There she sat, the queen of roses."

The tips of the fingers are to the hand what the eyes

are to the face and articulation is to speech. Slovenly articulation denotes a lack of clear thinking, as also do the fingers that are devitalized during gesticulation.

The question often arises: When should the gesture for any given idea be made? The following quotation from "The Delsarte System of Oratory" fully answers it: "Gesture must always precede speech; in fact, speech is reflected expression. It must come after gesture, which is parallel with the impression received. Nature incites a movement, speech names this movement. Speech is only the title, the label of what gesture has anticipated; speech comes only to confirm what the audience already comprehends; speech is given for naming things. Gesture asks the question, 'What?' and speech answers. Gesture after speech would be absurd. Let the word come after the gesture, and there will be no pleonasm." It would be worse than useless to point to the door after having said, "Leave the room," or to express one's surprise in words and then raise the eyebrows.

Never make a gesture unless it is necessary. A single movement may express the thought which it takes many words to explain. "The intelligent man makes few gestures. To multiply gestures indicates a lack of intelligence. The face is the thermometer of intelligence. Let as much expression as possible be given to the face. A gesture made by the hand is wrong when not justified in advance by the face. Intelligence is manifested by the face. When the intelligent man speaks, he employs great movements only when they are justified by great exaltation of sentiment. And, furthermore, these sentiments should be stamped on the face. Without expression of the face, all gestures resemble telegraphic movements."

EXAMPLES.

Students commonly find expression by gesture more difficult than expression by speech, the conventionalities of life having restricted us to such a degree that we are very self-conscious in regard to our movements. For this reason special exercises have been given, beginning with the simplest forms of gesture and proceeding gradually to the most difficult. When these special examples have been completed, the gesture in connection with the examples given under the operations of the emotions, affections, sentiments, intellect, and will should be taken up. This does not imply that every sentence will require some movement of the hand. There are thoughts that are too abstract for gesture, except attitude and facial expression. To this class of thoughts hymns belong, though we often see them given in pantomime. Such movements, as a general thing, no one could interpret if he were not told on the program what was being done, or if the words were not recited or the gestures accompanied by the air to which the song is usually sung.

The chapter on "Gesture" is intended to be merely suggestive, which, indeed, is the plan of the whole book. No attempt is made to go into details, as all previous efforts by other writers to do so have been grossly misunderstood and misinterpreted, even as that most valuable work, "The Delsarte System of Oratory." It is impossible to write on a subject which is surrounded by so many difficulties as is that of visible expression without being misunderstood by some one. But it is hoped each student into whose hands this book falls will use his judgment and discrimination. No *rules* have been laid down, and no efforts have been made to restrict any one's individuality. It is expected, however, that the student will endeavor to give a

true expression to his conception of an idea. To this end it is indispensable to consider the movements of the body in relation to the thought.

Above all, be honest. Never try to appear to the public to be that which you are not or to use words, inflections, or gestures merely for effect. Remember Delsarte's words: "The more lofty the intellect, the more simple the speech. So in art."

EXAMPLES IN GESTURE.

1. Up in the lonely tower he sits,
The keeper of the crimson light.
2. But now there was a large mass in the distance, and
near to her Maggie could discern the current of the
river.
3. A new current swept along and drove the boats far
out on the wide water.
4. Color was beginning to awaken now, and she could
discern the tints of the trees.
5. A new danger was being carried toward them by the
river.
6. Some machinery had given way on one of the wharves,
and huge fragments were being floated along.
7. The sun was rising now, and the wide area of watery
desolation was spread out in dreadful clearness
around them.
8. Away to the North ragged mountains
Climb high through the shuddering air;
They bend their dark brows o'er the valley
To read what new ruin is there.

9. In yon bright track that fires the Western skies
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
10. But—O!—what solemn scenes on Snowdon's heights,
Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll!
11. Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes.
12. On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood.
13. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs a grisly band
I see them sit. They linger yet,
Avengers of their native land.
14. And half of their fleet to the right
And half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on
Through the long sea lane between.
15. Two gray hawks ride the rising blast;
Dark-cloven clouds drive to and fro
By peaks preëminent in snow;
A sounding river rushes past,
So wild, so vortex-like and vast.
16. A lone lodge tops the windy hill;
A tawny maiden, mute and still,
Stands waiting at the river brink.

17. There the troops of Minon wheels,
 There the Northern horses thunder,
 With the cannon at their heels.
18. The pear trees looked on in their white,
 And the bluebirds flashed about.
19. But the cowslips were tall at my feet,
 And all the white orchard, with fast-falling blossoms, was littered;
 And under and over the branches those little birds twittered,
 While, hanging head downward, they scolded because
 I was seven.
20. So this was the country—clear dazzle of azure and shiver
 And whisper of leaves and a humming all over the tall,
 White branches, a humming of bees.
21. And I came to a wall—
 A little, low wall—and looked over, and there was the river,
 Clear, shining, and slow.
22. We sought in the wood, and we found the wood wren
 in her stead;
 In the field, and we found the cuckoo that talked overhead;
 By the brook, and we found the reed sparrow, deep-nestled in brown.
23. And we stood on a green, grassy mound,
 And looked in at the window; for Echo, perhaps, in the round,
 Might have come in to hide there.

24. But no; every oak-carven seat
Was empty. We saw the great Bible—old, old,
very old—
And the parson's great prayer book beside it; we
heard the slow beat
Of the pendulum swing in the tower; we saw the
clear gold
Of a sunbeam float down to the aisle, and then, waver,
play
On the low chancel step and the railing.
25. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered.
26. On right, on left, above, below,
Sprang up at once the lurking foe.
27. Look at the bounding tigers! See how the one leads
the other in the awful race to the feast!
28. Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow.
This much the fathom line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement.
29. Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay.
30. I saw their thousands years of snow
On high; their wide, long lake below;
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow.

31. I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channeled rock and broken bush.
32. I saw the white-walled, distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down.
33. A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were flowers growing
Of gentle breath and hue.
34. The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all.
The eagle rode the rising blast;
Methought he never rode so fast
As then, to me, he seemed to fly.
35. There lay the fort, the faces of the foe,
The blackened guns, whose deadly mouths were
belching fire below;
But not a sign to cheer us on.
36. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche, the thunderbolt of snow.
All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man
below.

37. Alone I stand. On either hand,
In gathering gloom, stretch sea and land.
38. He saw above a ruined world the bow of promise rise.
39. So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war
that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer
heaven.
40. And he sailed away from Flores till the Spanish came
in sight,
With his huge sea castles heaving upon the weather
bow.
41. Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their
decks and laughed.
42. And while now the great San Philip hung above us
like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-
board lay,
And the battle thunder broke from them all.
43. And the Spanish fleet, with broken sides, lay round
us, all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared
that we still could sting.
44. 'Twas evening, and the half-descending sun
Tipped with a golden fire the many domes
Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
Through which the captive gazed.

45. And the sunset paled, and warmed once more
With a softer, tenderer afterglow.
In the east was moonrise, with boats off shore
And sails in the distance drifting slow.
The beacon glimmered from Portsmouth bar,
And the White Isle kindled her great, red star;
And life and death in the old-time lay
Mingled in peace like the night and day.
46. You shall die, base dog,
And that before yon cloud has passed over the sun.
47. Presently came the night sadly to greet her,
Moon in her silver light, stars in their glitter;
Then sank the moon away under the billow.
48. Up a narrow street
My company worked. I kept an eye
On every housetop, right and left, and saw
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,
Coloring the sky, as from chimney tops among the
forges.
49. The fixed smoke rolling away, we noticed,
Under the huddled masses of the dead,
Rivulets of blood running trickling down the steps,
While in the background solemnly the church loomed
up.
50. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold;
The incense gave out its perfume;
At the upper end, turned to the altar, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass.

51. So stamped upon my memory is that scene
That as I speak it comes before me now—
The convent built in old times by the Moors,
The huge brown corpses of the monks, the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
And there, framed by the low porch, the priest,
And there the altar, brilliant as a shrine.
52. Look! The moon has come out, clad
In splendor, the turbulent scene to behold.
She smiles on the night's devastation; she
Dresses the storm king in gold.
53. From its height the vale, the river, the spires, and
the towers of Granada broke gloriously upon his
view.
54. Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
55. When he came to the middle of the hill that rises
above those gardens, the steel of the Spanish ar-
mor gleamed upon him.
56. He saw from his own watchtower, with the sun shin-
ing full upon its pure and dazzling surface, the
silver cross of Spain.
57. But look! Through the mists to the southward
There flash to the eye clear and plain,
Like a meteor that's bound to destruction,
The lights of a swift-coming train.

58. Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw.
59. By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page, perusing.
60. I know there is not a man here who would not rather
see a general conflagration sweep over the land or
an earthquake sink it than one jot or tittle of that
plighted faith fall to the ground.
61. Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said.
62. In the cottage yonder I was born;
Long my happy home that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn;
There the spring with limpid nectar swelling.
63. Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
Points me to seven that are now in glory.
64. The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threat'ning under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.
65. They lay along the battery's side
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde
And from the banks of Shannon.

66. Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.
67. Seest thou across the sullen wave
A blood-red banner wildly streaming?
That flag a message brings me
Of which my foes are little dreaming.
68. His bark shot on—now up, now down,
Over the waves—the snowy-crested;
Now like a dart it sped along,
Now like a white-winged sea bird rested.
69. Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
O'er the abyss. His broad-expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid.
70. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet wheeled he, heeding not
The death that threatened him. I could not shoot.
'Twas liberty. I turned my bow aside
And let him soar away.
71. From crag to crag the signal flew;
Instant through copse and heath arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows.
72. Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

73. "Horatius," quoth the Consul,
 "As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless three.
74. Through teeth and skull and helmet
 So fierce a thrust he sped;
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
 Behind the Tuscan's head.
75. With a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream.
76. Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
 Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
 Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread
And spears advanced and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless three.
77. Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.
78. I was here and she was there,
And the glittering horseshoe curved between.

79. They girt the standard round about,
A wall of flashing steel;
But still they heard the battle cry:
"Olea for Castile!"
80. Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood.
81. In the meadow, spreading wide
By woodland and river side,
The Indian village stood.
82. I stood on the bridge at midnight
As the clock was striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city
Behind the dark church tower.
83. I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.
84. And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.
85. Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away.
86. The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green.

87. Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.
88. Behind the black wall of the forest, rose the moon.
89. When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them, majestic, is standing
Sandalphon, the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.
90. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand,
up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to
the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to
them only the size of a man's hand.
91. They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay.
92. Ho, there, fisherman! Hold your hand!
Tell me, what is that far away!—
There, where over the Isle of Land
Hangs the mist cloud, sullen and gray?
See! It rocks with a ghastly life,
Rising and rolling through clouds of spray,
Right in the midst of the breakers strife—
Tell me, what is it, fisherman, pray?
93. See, this long curl was kept for you,
And this white blossom from her breast;
And here—your sister Bessie wrote
A letter, telling all the rest.

94. Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.
95. But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar. I
found it in his closet. 'Tis his will. Let but the
commons hear this testament, which, pardon me,
I do not mean to read, and they would go and kiss
dead Cæsar's wounds and dip their napkins in his
sacred blood.
96. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might have stood
against the world; now lies he there, and none so
poor to do him reverence.
97. Darius was sly;
And whenever at work he happened to spy
At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
He let a dipper of water fly.
"Take that; and if ever ye git a peep,
Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep."
98. "We are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentlemen; mind your eye;
Over the table. Look out for the lamp!"
99. "We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger shall march a little.
Start, you villain! Stand straight!
'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see.) Now hold your
Cap, while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor, old, patriot soldier!"

100. "Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again.
I hold to you the hands you first beheld
To show you they still are free."
101. She turns and says, with coldness and command:
"There's blood enough in this lorn land."
102. "Stand either side.
Take you my left, tall Idaho; and you, my burly
chief, I know,
Would choose my right."
103. "Now peer you low across the waters.
See! Leaning so this morn, I spied
Red berries dip yon farther side.
See! Dipping, dripping in the stream,
Twin bows of autumn berries gleam."
104. "Plunge in the stream; bear knife in teeth
To cut yon bow for bridal wreath."
105. "Ho! a sail! Ho! a sail!" cried a man at the lea.
106. "Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
107. "Behold! Commodus will pierce the center of the
ear of each."
108. *Elizabeth.* You are where it becomes you, Lady
Stuart: there at my feet.
Mary. O, think on the vicissitudes of all things hu-
man! There is a God above who punishes pride.
Respect, O Queen, the Providence who doth pros-
trate me at thy feet.

109. *Mary.* I am in the hands of God; but thou wilt not exceed thy power by committing so atrocious a deed.
110. *Mary.* At last, at last. After long years of insult and contumely, I have at least enjoyed one hour of triumph and revenge.
111. The priest sprang to his feet, and, holding up the iron crucifix, said: "On your knees and swear it, John Bagot."
112. *Richelieu.* Mark where she stands.
Around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn church.
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome.
113. "Hush! Draw the curtain! So
She is dead, quite dead, you see."
114. "Young men, ahoy! Beware, beware! The rapids are below you. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm; now turn, pull hard! Quick, quick, quick! Pull for your lives!"
115. "You all do know this mantle.
Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through.
See what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it."

116. "Come away, away.
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body."
117. "Charge, Chester; charge! On, Stanley; on!"
118. "Darest thou, Cassius, now leap in with me
Into this angry flood and swim to yonder point?"
119. Conscript Fathers:
I do not rise to waste the night in words.
Let that Plebian talk; 'tis not my trade;
But here I stand for right. Let him show proofs;
For Roman right, though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, slaves!
His charge is false; I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak.
120. At midday, O King, I saw in the way, a light from
heaven above the brightness of the sun, shining
round about me and them which journeyed with
me.
121. Quoth he: "The she wolf's litter stand savagely at
bay,
But will ye dare to follow if Astur
clears the way?"
122. Nathan said unto David: "Thou art the man."
123. "Down, down!" cried Mar. "Your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!"

124. "In yon strait path a thousand may well be stopped
by three;
Now who will stand on either hand and keep the
bridge with me?"
125. Paul said: "I would to God that not only thou, but
also all that hear me this day were both almost and
altogether such as I am, except these bonds."
126. Two sudden blows with a ragged stick
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
And then the deed was done;
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone.
127. Above his rugged couch she bends,
With all the skill that love supplies;
With gentlest touch his wounds she tends,
And seeks to close those watchful eyes.
128. She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness,—
The bank is high and steep,—
One pause; he staggers forward
And plunges in the deep.
129. Commodus drew his bow with tremendous power,
fetching the cord back to his breast, where for a
moment it was held without the faintest quiver of a
muscle.
130. Commodus stood like Fate, leaning forward to note
the perfectness of his execution.

131. When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.
132. Spread the glad tidings from shore to shore.
133. His charge is false; I dare him to his proofs.
134. I'll fight
Till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
135. The inebriate descends to the level of the brute.
136. Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the fields;
If not, when you have stomachs.
137. I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false,
In thy heart's blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.
138. Back to thy punishment, false fugitive.
139. Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy,
And give thee in thy teeth the lie.
140. Avaunt! My name is Richelieu. I defy thee!
141. Here I stand and scoff you;
Here I fling hatred and full defiance in your face.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline.
142. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets?
I know that thou believest.
143. It shall open wide its portals, the city of the free.

144. Who is here so base that would be a bondman?
If any, speak; for him have I offended.
Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman?
If any, speak; for him have I offended.
Who is here so vile that will not love his country?
If any, speak; for him have I offended.
None! Then none have I offended.
145. Now o'er the one-half world Nature seems dead.
146. Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs receive our air, that moment they are free.
147. Courage, purpose, endurance—these are the tests.
148. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humblest village of his dominions.
149. You read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices.
150. Will your Lordship submit to hear the corrupt practices of mankind made the principles of government?
151. The king has no arbitrary power to give him.
152. Judges are guided and governed by the eternal laws of justice, to which we are all subject.
153. I despise the falsehood.
154. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false.
155. In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

156. His schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity.
157. Aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and decide.
158. Morality flows from principle.
159. God forgive him the sins of bloodshed!
160. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.
161. His degraded offspring crawls upon the soil where he walked in majesty.
162. How miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck!
163. As a race, they have withered from the land.
164. And now they stay long, and want more—more—more.
165. White man, beware!
166. The defeats of to-day may be made the forerunners of the victories of to-morrow.
167. The intellectual and the moral nature of man is the one thing precious in the sight of God.
168. The fire that burns in the Sicilian heart is immortal, inextinguishable.
169. Wisdom is better than riches.

170. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sank him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England; his ambition, fame.
171. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corruption, he made a venal age unanimous.
172. France sank beneath him.
173. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbons, and wielded in the other the democracy of England.
174. I prohibit the signing of such a paper.
175. All that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom.
176. Give me proofs of what you have alleged.
177. Ignorance dissolves before the light of knowledge.
178. I utterly renounce the project.
179. Were I an American, as I am an Englishman, while a single foreign troop remained in my country, I would never lay down my arms—never, never, never!

IV. ANALYSIS.

The most important phase of the study of *reading* is analysis. It is also the most difficult to teach by written instruction. One cannot do more than discuss it in a general way, for anything written on the subject is almost sure to be misleading. To learn it successfully requires the personal assistance of a teacher. Reading will be good or bad according to one's conception of what he reads; that is, if the voice and body are trained to respond. We decide as to whether a reader's conception is good or bad according to *our* conception. If he has a deeper insight into the selection, we may be unable to appreciate it or loath to acknowledge that it is better. This point is illustrated by the old way of reading the following lines from *Macbeth* and the way they are generally read to-day:

Macbeth. If we should fail?

Lady Macbeth. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place, and we'll not fail.

The two words *we fail* repeated by Lady Macbeth used to be given as if she were amazed that Macbeth should think it possible for *them* to fail. Now they are read in a way which shows the calm determination of the woman, expressing that, if they fail, why, then, they fail. They must take their chances, and she has the courage to risk it.

We can agree only in a general way as to an author's meaning. As to the details, our conceptions must differ as widely as our intellectual and moral developments differ. It is evident that no one can give a true rendering of a sentiment if that sentiment has not been developed in

himself. One can read well only that which he understands and appreciates. No one should attempt to read a selection until he appreciates the thought. In order to do this, he has to know the meaning of every word and sentence and the relation of the parts to the whole. There is always a principal idea, compared with which all the others are of secondary importance, and are directly or indirectly connected with it. To determine these relative values is a part of the work of analysis. It is doubtful if the student who has had no previous training will find much help from written instruction. A few examples may be of assistance in helping him to see the comparative values of words, phrases, clauses, etc. In the sentence:—

“ His long silence on that subject came, no doubt, from his pride,”

the parenthetical expression *no doubt* is of distinctly secondary importance. One who does not appreciate this relation of the ideas will read the parenthetical expression in the same manner in which he reads the rest of the sentence, thus destroying the sense. In the following:—

“ In the growing darkness, it is almost impossible to distinguish land from water,”

the expression *in the growing darkness* depends for its meaning upon what follows, the meaning of the main idea being modified by the dependent phrase. Only when one appreciates the relations of the parts to each other can he give appropriate expression. In the sentence:—

“ For a minute he gazed at it lovingly and tenderly,”

the expression *for a minute* is of comparatively little importance. The words *lovingly* and *tenderly* are of equal importance in conveying the complete sense. In the fol-

lowing sentence there are two statements of equal importance:—

“You began with betraying the people: you conclude with betraying the king.”

According to the old method of teaching reading, the pupil would be told to pause for a certain length of time at the colon, in order to show the relation between the two statements. This method of teaching from the *outside* can be productive of no good; indeed, it is the cause of very much of the bad reading which we hear. If the student understands what he is reading and the relation the various parts bear to each other, the proper pauses will follow as a natural consequence. This is equally true of emphasis and inflection. Of the three adjectives in the sentence:—

“All was deserted, desolate, dead,”

the last is, of course, the strongest, and the first the weakest. So, also, in:—

“That event would usher in not a lull, but a crisis, a series of crises.”

As we approach the climax, each expression becomes more important and more forcible.

These simple illustrations show that in every sentence there is always a principal idea, compared with which the others are of varying minor degrees of importance. This is true also of paragraphs and selections as a whole. The student must learn to determine for himself the relative values of the various ideas. One can only say, “Do it.” The way to do it he must learn for himself. No mechanical rules will ever assist him. These, on the contrary, only call attention to the manner of reading, to the neglect of the idea itself. To analyze properly is to rouse the mind to action, to think, to see, and to feel with the au-

thor. When one can do this, the inflections will come of themselves, the most important ideas will be emphasized, words will be grouped together so as to bring out the meaning, and pauses made showing the various relations of ideas and their importance.

Does it, then, follow that a perfect conception gives a perfect expression? At first thought one is inclined to answer, "Yes." But long experience in the classroom teaches that this is not true. No doubt if we were perfect beings it would be; but we are not perfect. No one has such a fine voice that it has no faults, or a body so perfectly trained that he never makes a false gesture; hence the necessity for training along these lines. Such are the perversities of human nature that the most intellectual and highly-cultured people are often the poorest readers.

Along with the development of the power to think and feel should be the development of the power to convey the thoughts and feelings to others. There can be no doubt, however, that much of the bad reading is owing to the reader's lack of mental development. The imagination plays as important a part in reading as the ability to know the relation of words and sentences. The scenes described should be seen as vividly and felt as keenly by the reader as by the writer. Many times pupils read aloud, and when asked to close their books and tell in their own words what they have just read, are unable to do so, showing that they had no appreciation of it. Not until one has become so thoroughly alive to the situation that he can do this, can he hope to become a good reader. In the following lines:—

So this was the country—clear dazzle of azure and shiver,

And whisper of leaves, and a humming all over the tall,

White branches, a humming of bees; and I came to a wall—

A little, low wall—and looked over, and there was the river,

Clear, shining, and slow,

the reader must enter into the situation, the life, buoyancy, and joy of it. He must see the little girl, aged seven, who has lived in London all her life, and now sees the country for the first time. He must appreciate the freshness and beauty of the scene and feel that keen sense of joy in living that the child does—not take all the beauty of the picture as a matter of course, as people are apt to do even in real life.

It is impossible to read the following extract from “The Merchant of Venice” correctly unless one understands Portia’s feelings:

Portia: “I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company. Therefore forbear a while;
There’s something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself
Hate counsels not in such quality.
But lest you should not understand me well
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought),
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me.”

Love for Bassanio, dread lest he should choose the wrong casket and so she would lose him, longing that he should know her heart, combined with a modesty which restrains speech, a knowledge that she could teach Bassanio how to choose the right casket, offset by a sense of honor which forbids her to break her father’s will—such are the conflicting emotions which Portia feels as she speaks the lines quoted above.

A technical training necessarily precedes all art. But the education of the artist does not end with technic. To be a great artist is to be a great man or woman. A school for artists should develop the mind and heart as well as the voice and body. The most apparent defect of readers

is the lack of ability to discriminate between the various emotions and sentiments. This weakness has been the cause of failure, as public readers, of many who were otherwise intelligent persons. As man advances in the scale of evolution, his nature becomes more complex, the greater range of emotion he has, and the greater variety there is in his thoughts. These operations of the soul are expressed in the various classes of literature. But the average person, not having evolved this wide range of thought and feeling, is unable to give expression to it. His emotions and sentiments, as well as his thoughts, are limited. If he would read intelligently that which others have written, he must learn to appreciate their sentiments and feelings. So limited is the power of feeling possessed by many people that they are unable to do more than get a general idea of a selection, the finer shades of emotion being entirely beyond them.

Such persons have but one expression for all degrees and phases of emotions of the same nature. For instance, a loud lamentation will be their only expression of sorrow. Much wailing and tears will be to them a manifestation of grief. But every student of human nature knows that the greatest grief is subdued and seeks to hide itself from others, just as shame does. The more extreme the manifestation of an emotion, the more transient it is. To understand the sentiment requires as close study and analysis as to understand the relation of thoughts to one another. One would think that agony could readily be distinguished as the prevailing emotion in the mother's speech in the lines,

And from the crowd beneath, in accents wild,

A mother screams: "O God! My child, my child!"

yet the writer has often questioned the members of a class as to what emotion was expressed and received such indefi-

nite answers as "sorrow," "grief," "emotion," "terror," "strong excitement;" nor were these extreme cases. This shows that the emotion had not been developed in those who gave such answers or it would have been recognized. Almost any one will recognize an expression of anger; but there are those upon whom more intellectual expressions, such as sarcasm, are lost. It is not only necessary to be able to discriminate between the more general divisions of the operations of the mind, such as joy and affection, reason and determination, charity and suspicion; but also between the many subdivisions, as joy, rapture, delight, gladness; or between deception, dissimulation, cunning, hypocrisy.

Such mental discipline will to a great extent overcome the stolidity of countenance and monotony of voice that so often mar the work of public readers and speakers. How often we see "posing," which is suggestive of absolutely nothing, unless it be idiocy. The observer would be quite unable to make out the purpose of the contortions if he were not, fortunately, directed to follow the program where he finds a list of emotions which serve to interpret the actions referred to as "posing." As the training in such cases has usually been mechanical, neither the face nor the movements of the body express the sentiment. So conscious of his weakness is the performer that he calls the painter's art to his assistance. The voice trained by mechanical exercise only is equally expressionless.

Expression, whether by voice or gesture, should begin with the development of the mind. No one's individuality should be restricted, but each should endeavor to broaden his knowledge and his sympathies and to elevate his character. By a lack of effort to progress we restrict ourselves far more than any mechanical rules, pernicious

in their results though they are. To learn to sympathize with all that is, is true progress, the basis of art.

“There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought he may think; what a saint has felt he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.”—*Emerson.*

OPERATIONS
of the
MIND
or
SOUL
in
EXPRESSION.

EMOTIONS.....

{ PLEASURE
and
PAIN.

AFFECTIONS...

{ LOVE
and
HATE.

SENTIMENTS ..

{ RIGHT
and
WRONG.

INTELLECT IDEAS.

{ WILL..... ACTION.

OPERATIONS OF THE EMOTIONS.

Pleasure and Pain.

JOY—

Gladness
Delight
Rapture
Ecstasy

CHEERFULNESS—

Mirth
Gayety
Hilarity
Joviality

REJOICING—

Exultation
Triumph

HOPE—

Expectation
Anticipation
Aspiration

CONTENTMENT—

Satisfaction
Enjoyment
Gratification

RELIEF—

Comfort
Solace
Consolation

PRIDE—

Dignity
Disdain
Haughtiness

VANITY—

Conceit
Boasting
Vaunting
Bombast

SORROW—

Distress
Grief
Affliction
Anguish
Agony

DEJECTION—

Sadness
Mournfulness
Gravity
Seriousness
Melancholy

LAMENTATION—

Mourning
Wailing

DESPAIR—

Disappointment
Despondency
Desperation

DISCONTENTMENT—

Repining
Longing
Yearning

AGGRAVATION—

Anxiety
Exasperation
Distraction

HUMILITY—

Meekness
Obsequiousness
Servility

Loftiness
Arrogance
Presumption
Assumption

MODESTY—

Bashfulness
Diffidence
Shame

WONDER—

Surprise
Astonishment
Amazement

OPERATIONS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

Love and Hate.

BENEVOLENCE—

Beneficence
Kindness
Charity

Patriotism

MALEVOLENCE—

Maliciousness
Malice
Spitefulness

BENEDICTION—

Invocation
Blessing

Execration
Anathema

MALEDICTION—

Curse
Imprecation

PRAISE—

Flattery
Adulation

DEFAMATION—

Slander
Aspersion

ADORATION—

Awe
Reverence
Veneration
Admiration

ABHORRENCE—

Horror
Loathing
Disgust
Repugnance

Contempt
Scorn
Disdain

DERISION—

Mockery
Ridicule
Irony
Sarcasm

FRIENDSHIP—

Affection

ENMITY—

Aversion

Animosity
Jealousy
Envy

SYMPATHY—

Compassion
Commiseration
Condolence
Pity
Mercy

ANTIPATHY—

Resentment
Indignation
Anger
Wrath

Rage
Fury

FORGIVENESS—

Pardon

REVENGE—

Retaliation

Absolution

OPERATIONS OF THE SENTIMENTS.

Right and Wrong.

DUTY**TRANSGRESSION****JUSTICE****INJUSTICE****HONOR—****DECEPTION—**

Probity
Uprightness
Integrity

Dissimulation
Cunning
Hypocrisy

DEFENSE—**ACCUSATION—**

Vindication
Assertion
Justification
Affirmation
Abjuration
Confutation
Refutation
Protestation
Apology

Imputation
Rebuke
Reproach
Reproof
Reprimand
Invective
Impeachment
Denunciation
Condemnation

Denial

REPENTANCE—

Penitence
Contrition
Compunction
Remorse
Atonement

PRAYER—

Petition
Request
Solicitation
Entreaty
Supplication
Imploring

OPERATIONS OF THE INTELLECT.

IDEAS—

Perception
Apprehension
Conception
Comprehension

THOUGHT—

Reflection
Musing
Pondering
Abstraction
Contemplation
Meditation
Concentration

IMAGINATION—

Fancy

JUDGMENT—

Discrimination
Comparison
Contrast
Distinguishing
Discernment
Penetration
Discretion
Prudence

REASON—

Logic

Abstract
Analysis
Induction

Concrete
Synthesis
Deduction

BELIEF—

Trust
Faith

DOUBT—

Suspicion
Distrust

WARNING—

Advice
Admonition
Caution
Exhortation
Remonstrance

PREDICTION—

Premonition
Foreboding

CURIOSITY—

Inquisitiveness
Prying

GRANDEUR—

Sublimity

OPERATIONS OF THE WILL.

Action.

RESOLUTION—

Determination
 Perseverance
 Persistency
 Tenacity
 Pertinacity
 Obstinacy
 Stubbornness
 Headstrongness
 Resistance
 Patience

IRRESOLUTION—

Indecision
 Vacillation
 Hesitation
 Fickleness
 Relinquishment
 Forsaking
 Abandoning
 Renunciation
 Resignation
 Submission

Obedience

DEFIANCE—

Challenge
 Threatening
 Command
 Demand

COURAGE—

Confidence
 Audacity
 Fearlessness
 Intrepidity
 Boldness

COWARDICE—

Diffidence
 Timidity
 Fear
 Alarm
 Terror

Daring
 Bravery
 Valor
 Gallantry
 Heroism

OPERATIONS OF THE EMOTIONS.

PLEASURE.

- Pleasure** is a generic term which embraces one great class of emotions and sensations. Its opposite is pain. It may be transitory or lasting. It does not express degree, and may be produced by any and every object.
- Joy** is caused by some external circumstances that affect the affections. It is one of the most vivid emotions. It is transitory, coming and going as quickly as the event which caused it. The good fortune of ourselves or of those we love will cause joy. The return of the prodigal son awakened joy in the father's heart.
- Gladness** is a more tranquil feeling than joy. More ordinary circumstances occasion it. It does not seek to express itself, but is enjoyed in secret. Gladness may spring from relief from mental trouble, from sickness or want.
- Delight** is a more lasting emotion than joy. It is derived from outward circumstances, and may be caused either by the affections or the intellect. A man may take delight in pursuing his vocation or a favorite study. He may take delight in helping another.
- Rapture** is felt by persons having superior minds, and is caused by deep thought and by circumstances of peculiar importance. It often invigorates and calls into action the powers of the mind. Religious contemplation may produce holy rapture.
- Ecstasy** is an extraordinary elevation of spirits, and, unlike rapture, benumbs the faculties of the mind, often taking away the power of speech and thought. It is experienced by children and such as have not control of their feelings. It is

usually caused by unexpected events. A reprieve from a sentence of death may produce ecstasy in the pardoned prisoner.

CHEERFULNESS.

- Cheerfulness** is an habitual state of the mind. It is joy in a moderate sense. It is caused by contentment and freedom from pain, or by one's ability to rise above his conditions.
- Mirth** is an occasional elevation of the spirits which a trifle may turn into sorrow. It implies noise, differing from joy and cheerfulness. It displays itself in outward conduct by laughter, singing, dancing, etc.
- Gayety** belongs to the young, and includes mirth and indulgence. It is as fleeting as the pleasure upon which it is founded. Frequently it is followed by the extreme opposite emotion. It is caused by external circumstances.
- Hilarity** is caused by social pleasures, drinking, etc., which rouse the animal spirits. The songs, the toasts, the conversation, and the spirits of the company may at a public dinner contribute to hilarity.
- Joviality** is less refined than hilarity. It is the good humor or mirth indulged in at an entertainment. Eating, drinking, and noise constitute joviality.

REJOICING.

- Rejoicing** is joy experienced in a high degree. We rejoice when that which we think is right prevails.
- Exultation** is caused by success or victory or any advantage gained. It may spring from laudable causes, as the suppression of evil; it may spring from gratification of pride and ambition, as to exult in the downfall of an enemy. We may exult in our own distinction or superiority.

Triumph is the manifestation of one's joy for success and the downfall of another. Right may triumph over wrong or wrong over right.

HOPE.

Hope is an expectation of good. We hope only for that which is welcome to us. We may wish or desire that which is unattainable, thereby giving ourselves pain and anxiety. We hope only for that which we believe we may be able to obtain. Hope often depends more on the temperament of the person than on the nature of the circumstances. A writer may hope to win fame.

Expectation is founded on some reasons that render the event probable. We may expect either good or evil. Expectation always refers to a future event.

Anticipation is to have a previous view or impression of what is to happen in the future. We may anticipate the pleasures of an entertainment. Pleasure and pain are often more vivid in anticipation than in the realization.

Aspiration is an earnest desire to attain to something great, noble, or spiritual; or we may aspire to that which is improper, as a boy may aspire to be a pugilist.

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment is a permanent and habitual state of mind which may imply a moderate degree of happiness. When all our wishes and desires are contained within the limits of our present possessions, we are contented.

Satisfaction is a transitory feeling. It results from the gratification or fulfillment of desire. The pleasures of the senses can give no permanent satisfaction; neither can wealth nor the gratification of ambition.

Enjoyment is to take pleasure in the possession or experience of a thing. It may be either corporeal or spiritual. We may enjoy a feast, or we may enjoy music or a study. Our capacity for enjoyment depends upon our mental endowments. It is more permanent, though less vivid, than gratification.

Gratification is enjoyment from the fulfillment of a desire. We speak of the gratification of the taste or the palate, of the appetites, of the senses, of the desires of the mind, soul, or heart.

RELIEF.

Relief is the mitigation or removal of pain, grief, or other evil. Rest gives relief to the weary body; an anodyne gives relief from pain; the sympathy of friends affords some relief to the distressed; a loan of money to a man embarrassed may afford him a temporary relief. Medicines which will not cure a disease sometimes give a partial relief. A complete relief from the troubles of life is never to be expected.

Comfort is the ease and quiet which is experienced when pain, trouble, agitation, or affliction cease. It implies also some degree of positive animation of the spirits, or some pleasurable sensations derived from hope and agreeable prospects. We comfort the afflicted by word or deed.

Solace is to be cheered or relieved in grief. We console others and ourselves. We solace ourselves. When we meet with disaster, we solace ourselves. In the midst of troubles it is no small solace to us to consider that they are not as bad as might be.

Consolation is the alleviation of misery or distress of mind. We console others by our words of sympathy; we console ourselves by reflection. On the death of friends we derive consolation from

the thought that they have exchanged a state of imperfection and sorrow for one of unmixed felicity.

PRIDE.

- Pride** is employed principally as respects the temper of the mind. It lies in the innermost recesses of the human heart and mixes itself insensibly with our affections and passions. As a noble self-esteem springing from a consciousness of worth, it seeks to display itself in all that can command the respect of mankind; as an unreasonable conceit of one's own superiority in wealth, power, accomplishments, etc., it displays itself in an unseemly deportment toward others.
- Dignity** is always used in a good sense. It arises from a consciousness of what is due to oneself. It is natural to some men, and shows itself at all times; others have to assume it. All vice is incompatible with true dignity of mind. The man who deliberately injures another has no true dignity of mind.
- Disdain** is founded on the low opinion we have of others, or the dislike of what is mean and dishonorable. The person of elevated mind disdains a mean action; he disdains the society of low, worthless persons. In ignoble minds disdain may spring from unwarrantable pride and be directed toward objects of worth.
- Haughtiness** is that form of pride that springs from comparing ourselves with others. It implies a high opinion of oneself and a contempt for others. The haughty person assumes an air of superiority.
- Loftiness** is an elevation in condition or character. It is a form of pride which raises the spirits above objects supposed to be inferior. It does not set a man above others so much as above himself, or that which concerns himself.

Arrogance is a mode of acting resulting from a state of the mind. It arises from exalting one's worth or importance to an undue degree. It implies conceit, presumption, and contempt for others. It is known by its lofty pretensions.

Presumption is founded on undue confidence, accompanied by insolence. It signifies the disposition to put oneself forward. The presumptive man tries to put himself on a level with those above him. It is the act of a small mind, frequently coupled with meanness.

Assumption is a person's taking upon himself to act a part which does not belong to him. Assumption has to do with one's general conduct; presumption relates to matters of right and precedence. A person may be guilty of assumption by giving commands when he ought to receive them, or by speaking when he ought to be silent. He is guilty of presumption in taking a seat for which he is not fit.

VANITY.

Vanity is an inflation of mind upon slight grounds. It signifies a light and frivolous mind. Vanity is most frequently found in youth, and is the greatest obstacle to improvement. It is applicable only to small objects. A vain person values his dress or anything that is frivolous.

Conceit is a vain conception of one's own person or accomplishments. When a man is conceited of his merits, they are all of his own making. It is founded on falsehood.

Boasting is to make an ostentatious display, in speech, of one's own worth, property, or actions. It is suitable rather to trifling things than to that which is great. A soldier boasts of his courage and his feats in battle.

Vaunting is setting oneself before others, proclaiming one's praises aloud.

Bombast is expressing oneself in high-sounding words that have no meaning. It arises from vanity.

WONDER.

Wonder is excited by novelty or the presentation to the sight or mind of something new, unusual, great, or not well understood. It expresses less than astonishment and less than amazement. It differs from admiration in not being necessarily accompanied with love, esteem, or approbation, nor directed to persons. We wonder because we do not understand.

Surprise is caused by that which is unexpected happening. It expresses less than wonder and astonishment. Surprise may startle one.

Astonishment is so much stronger than surprise that it may strike one dumb. It may be awakened by similar events which are more unexpected and more unaccountable.

Amazement is confusion or perplexity from a sudden impression of fear, surprise, or wonder. It is sometimes accompanied with fear or terror; sometimes merely extreme wonder or admiration at some great, sudden, or unexpected event, as an unusual sight, or at the narration of extraordinary events.

PAIN.

Pain is a generic term, and is indefinite with regard to degree. It may be either mental or physical.

SORROW.

Sorrow is the pain of mind produced by the loss of any good, or by disappointment in the expectation of good. The loss of a friend, or of prop-

erty, of health, or of any source of happiness causes sorrow. It is less in degree than grief.

Distress is applied to the body or to the mind. It is caused by outside circumstances from which we see no signs of escape. Distress is caused by the present, but not always immediate, evil. A child is in distress when it loses its mother, and the mother is in distress when she loses her child.

Grief is produced by loss, misfortune, injury, or evil of any kind. We feel grief when we lose a friend, when we incur loss, when we consider ourselves injured; and by sympathy we feel grief at the misfortunes of others. It is also a regret that we have done wrong, accompanied by repentance for the act. We feel grief for having injured a friend.

Affliction is stronger than grief; it lies deeper in the soul, and arises from a more powerful cause. It is the continued pain of mind or body. Affliction lies too deep for vehement expression. It is lasting, and does not cease when the external causes cease. The loss of that which is most dear, the continued sickness of a friend, or a reversal of fortune will cause affliction.

Anguish is extreme pain of either body or mind. In a physical sense it differs from agony in that it is a local pain, while agony is distress of the whole body. As pain of the mind, it signifies an overwhelming distress from sorrow, remorse, despair, and kindred emotions. Parents suffer the deepest anguish when their children disappoint their dearest hopes by living careers of vice.

Agony is extreme pain, in the strictest sense, so great as to cause writhing of the body. It is either mental or physical. Christ suffered agony in

the garden of Gethsemane. A parent suffers agony at seeing his child in a burning building from which he cannot be snatched, or sinking into a watery grave from which he cannot be rescued.

DEJECTION.

- Dejection** is a depression of the animal spirits. It is occasioned by and depends on outward circumstances. It may be caused by distressing events. It is indefinite in degree.
- Sadness** is applied to a permanent state of a painful sentiment, or to that which causes this painful sentiment. It is a depression of spirits that makes the heart heavy. The loss of a parent or child is a sad event, and the bereaved one is sad long after the anguish has diminished. A sad story contains an account of one's own distress.
- Mournfulness** is the expression of sorrow. It awakens tender and sympathetic feelings. Selfish people find nothing mournful, though many things sad. Tender-hearted people are always afflicted by what is mournful more than by that which is sad. A mournful story contains an account of the distress of others.
- Gravity** is produced by thoughtfulness, or that feeling of responsibility that prevents buoyancy of spirits. It implies more than the mere absence of mirth. It is usually characteristic of those who possess it. Some people are habitually grave. It may be produced by extreme circumstances, as misfortune.
- Seriousness** is opposed to jesting or to false pretense. It is characteristic of persons or things. It does not imply a depression of spirits, but rather a steadiness of purpose, and refraining from all that is jocular.

Melancholy is a gloomy state of mind that is of some continuance, or habitual. When extreme and of long continuance, it is a disease sometimes accompanied with partial insanity. Certain diseases of the body may produce melancholy.

LAMENTATION.

Lamentation is the expression of grief. It is a transitory feeling. We may lament a thing to-day which we may forget to-morrow. When one is in great distress of mind, he may break out into lamentations. The cause may be sorrow or imaginary grievance, or we may lament because of the sorrow of others.

Mourning, unlike lamentation, is composed and free from noise. It may, however, be expressed by audible sounds, or by sobs, sighs, etc.; or it may be inward, silent grief. That which tears asunder the ties of friendship produces mourning. It may be the common act of many. A nation mourns the death of a great statesman. Mourning usually begins when lamentation ceases.

Wailing is an unrestrained expression of grief. It is common among the uncultivated classes who have not learned to restrain their feelings. It is stronger than lamentation. A wretched mother may bewail the loss of her child.

DESPAIR.

Despair is the loss of all hope. It is a state of the mind produced by reflection, whether on subjective things or on outward circumstances from which there seems to be no escape. Desperation often follows despair. Sometimes it interrupts or checks exertion, as when a physician despairs of curing a patient. The strongest minds sometimes despair when circumstances warrant the feeling.

- Disappointment** is the defeat or nonfulfillment of our expectations, hopes, desires, or wishes. A man may be disappointed in the conduct of his friends, in the result of an election, or in the yield in his crops.
- Despondency** implies a loss of hope or resolution. It is not so strong as despair. Despondency is generally followed by a cessation of effort; despair often impels to greater exertion. Despondency is inactive despair.
- Desperation** implies despair and a loss of regard for one's own safety or danger. It impels to greater exertion, as when a soldier sees nothing but death or disgrace before him he is driven to acts of desperation. It sometimes serves to overcome the difficulty that seemed insurmountable. Persons of impetuous temperament are apt to become desperate when a clearer judgment would not warrant it.

DISCONTENTMENT.

- Discontentment** is a habitual state of mind which denotes lack of satisfaction with existing circumstances. Idleness is a fruitful source of discontent.
- Repining** is fretting or murmuring. It implies thinking of a thing with pain, of something that is deep-seated. Men may repine at their lot. We may repine in secret. It is often addressed to oneself.
- Longing** is desiring earnestly and impatiently. In a foreign country we may long to see our native land.
- Yearning** implies longing coupled with tenderness or pity. A mother's heart yearns for her child.

AGGRAVATION.

- Aggravation** is to make worse or less tolerable, as to aggravate the evils of life, to aggravate pain or punishment. It is generally used in reference to evils.
- Anxiety** is that uneasy, painful state of mind that is caused by the uncertainty of some event. The cause may be real or imaginary. The parent is anxious for the welfare of his child who is about to enter into affairs of the world.
- Exasperation** is the result of anger being aroused to an extraordinary pitch. It is an extreme degree of anger.
- Distraction** is a state in which the mind is so confused by a multiplicity of objects crowding before it that it becomes unable to think of anything properly. It is a stronger term than confusion. Webster says it is usually applied to a state of derangement which produces raving and violence in the patient.

HUMILITY.

- Humility** is the opposite of arrogance. It is a sense of inferiority in comparison with others, whether of rank, station, or character. It is not a pleasing sensation, for a poor estimation of one's own worth as compared with others gives a sense of pain. A sense of one's unworthiness gives a feeling of sorrow. When it shows itself in outward conduct, it bows itself down.
- Meekness** is forbearance under injuries and provocations. It is taken in the passive sense of not resisting force. It requires greater force of character to rise above the circumstances which anger than to retaliate.
- Obsequiousness** is a mean and servile bending to the will of another, with some self-interest in doing so. In

outward conduct it shows itself by a cringing movement of the body.

Servility is a slavish deference to custom, whether to manners or opinions. It shows a lack of force of character.

MODESTY.

Modesty is a moderate estimate of one's own worth or importance. It is inherent in those who possess it. In young people it springs from timidity, and is allied to bashfulness and diffidence. In persons who have seen the world and lost their natural timidity, modesty springs from assuming less to oneself than others are willing to yield, and conceding to others all due honor and respect, or even more than they expect or require. Its outward expression is that of shrinking.

Bashfulness is modesty of the young. It is akin to a feeling of shame for one's own unworthiness. It expresses itself by blushes and downcast looks.

Diffidence is the distrust of one's own power, competency, or wisdom. We speak or write with diffidence when we doubt our ability to speak or write correctly or to the satisfaction of others. Diffidence is a great barrier to a successful career. A diffident person is unable to turn his talents to account.

Shame is a painful sensation caused by a consciousness of having done that which injures one's reputation. Shame is particularly excited by the disclosure of actions which, in the view of men, are mean and degrading.

OPERATIONS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

LOVE.

Love is aroused by whatever gives pleasure and delight, whether animal or intellectual. We love a friend on account of some qualities which give us pleasure in his society. We love a man who has done us a favor, in which case gratitude enters into the composition of our affections. We love our parents and our children on account of their connection with us and on account of many qualities which please us. We love to retire to a cool shade in summer. We love a warm room in winter. We love to hear an eloquent speaker or fine music. We love our country. Human beings love God, and God loves those he has created. God is love. There is the love of the mother for the child, which is seen in the animal kingdom as well as in the human kingdom.

BENEVOLENCE.

Benevolence is the general desire to do good and to increase the happiness of mankind. It is an affair of the heart.

Beneficence is active goodness or kindness. It belongs to action. The benevolent man has the wish to do good, but may not have the opportunity; the beneficent man does the act of kindness.

Kindness is the wish to make others happy and to avoid anything that might give another pain.

Charity, in a general sense, is love, benevolence, and good will; that disposition of heart which inclines men to think favorably of their fellow-men and to do them good. It is liberality in judging of men and their actions, a disposition which inclines men to think and judge favorably, and to put the best construction on words and actions which the case will permit. It is

liberality to the poor, consisting in almsgiving or benefactions, or in gratuitous service to relieving them in distress.

Patriotism is the love of one's country; the passion which aims to serve one's country, either in defending it from invasion or protecting its rights and maintaining its laws and institutions in vigor and purity.

BENEDICTION.

Benediction is a solemn or affectionate invocation of happiness, thanks, expression of gratitude.

Invocation is the act of calling for assistance, or the presence of any being, particularly of some divinity, as the invocation of the Muses.

Blessing is a solemn, prophetic benediction, in which happiness is desired, invoked, or foretold. That which gives happiness is also called a blessing.

PRAISE.

Praise is a general and indefinite term. It is commendation bestowed on a person for his virtues or worthy actions, or on anything valuable. Praise may be expressed by an individual, and in this circumstance differs from fame, renown, and celebrity, which are the expressions of the approbation of numbers or public commendation. When praise is applied to the expression of public approbation, it may be synonymous with renown, or nearly so. A man may deserve the praise of an individual or of a nation.

Flattery is false praise, commendation bestowed for the purpose of favor and influence or to accomplish some purpose. We flatter directly by words expressive of admiration; we flatter indirectly by actions which convey the same sentiment.

Adulation is praise in excess, or beyond what is merited. It is never practiced without falsehood. Its means are hypocrisy and lying. It has in view a selfish end.

ADORATION.

Adoration is the service of the heart toward the divine Being. Outward signs are but secondary in the act of adoration. We may adore the Supreme at all times and in all places.

Awe is fear mingled with solemnity, admiration, and reverence. It may be aroused by the senses and the understanding. Sublime, sacred, and solemn things awaken awe. It checks one's approach and causes him to feel that he is not worthy to draw nearer.

Reverence, like awe, denotes a feeling of fear mingled with respect and admiration. It differs from awe in that awe does not imply love or affection. That which is noble, as wisdom, goodness, age, may inspire one with reverence.

Veneration is the highest degree of respect and reverence. It differs from reverence in that it has none of the feeling of fear. It is aroused by the superiority of a person, by the dignity of position or the sacredness of his character. The thought of a sacred place awakens veneration.

Admiration is a compound emotion aroused by something that is unusual, rare, great, or excellent, and which gives pleasure. We may admire people or their works.

Friendship is attachment to a person formed by circumstances, sympathies, or sentiments. It differs from benevolence, which is good will to mankind in general, because it implies a good will between individuals and appreciation of the good qualities of another. True friendship is

beyond a person of the ordinary stamp of character.

Affection is confined to individuals. It is a tendency of the mind toward any object, whether that object is present or not. Affection may exist between people of the same sex. The parent has affection for his child.

SYMPATHY.

Sympathy is a conformity of feelings, and may cause us either pain or pleasure. We feel sympathy for those who are in distress, which causes us pain. We may feel joy also in consequence of another's feeling it.

Compassion is sorrow awakened by the suffering of another. It is composed of sorrow and love.

Commiseration is awakened by suffering arising from our faults. A poor criminal, suffering the penalty of the law, excites our commiseration, and we endeavor to mitigate his punishment. It is awakened toward those who are in abject misery.

Condolence is a state of sorrow caused by the distress or misfortune of another. Condolence implies equality, and is often produced by a common calamity. It is caused by the troubles to which all are liable.

Pity is a feeling of pain for the condition of others. Pity implies a condescension, so that many people who would be glad of sympathy would scorn pity. A master may have pity upon an offending servant. We may pity one who is condemned to death for committing a crime. We may pity animals that are in misery. We show our pity by endeavoring to relieve the suffering.

Mercy is that kindness of disposition which prompts us to overlook offenses and injuries, or to lighten the punishment of offenders. In some cases mercy is restricted by the laws of the country. It is not allowed to interfere with the administration of justice.

FORGIVENESS.

Forgiveness is not giving the punishment that is due, and considering and treating the offender as if he were not guilty.

Pardon is the release of the offender to bear the displeasure of the person injured, or the absolving him from liability to suffer punishment at the hands of the law. We seek the pardon of sins, transgression, and offenses.

Absolution is the remission of sins pronounced by a priest in favor of the penitent, or a sentence of a judge declaring an accused person innocent.

HATE.

Hate is extreme dislike. It is a personal feeling directed toward an object independent of its qualities. It seeks the destruction of the object. It may be either good or bad, according to the circumstances. Good people hate that which is evil. Hate expresses less than abhor, detest, or abominate.

Malevolence is an inclination to injure others. It has a deep root in the heart, and is a part of the character. We call such a person malevolent to designate the ruling quality of his mind.

Maliciousness is having ill will or enmity without cause. It is a stronger term than malevolence. One may have a malicious pleasure in seeing others in distress.

Malice lies in the heart. It is the very essence of wickedness, the love of evil for evil's sake. It im-

pels a man to injure those who have not injured him, and requires no external cause to provoke it.

Spitefulness is the desire to vex, annoy, or to do mischief. It is the effect of extreme irritation, and is accompanied with a desire of revenge. It denotes a less deliberate and fixed hatred than malice and malignity, and is often a sudden fit of ill will excited by temporary vexation. It may be in the temper of the person or caused by external circumstances.

MALEDICTION.

Malediction is declaring an evil wish against a person. It is an expression of private resentment, and is caused by anger. Men in the heat of anger will utter maledictions against anything that offends them.

Curse is a wish for evil to befall another declared in a solemn manner. It is generally occasioned by some grievous offense. It is a solemn denunciation of evil.

Imprecation is a prayer that a calamity may fall on any one. It implies some great evil.

Execration is to denounce evil against any one. It is the expression of the most violent personal anger, and implies a feeling of detestation, abhorrence, or abomination.

Anathema is a curse or denunciation pronounced by an ecclesiastical authority, accompanying excommunication, or the denunciation pronounced by a convert on the heresy which he abjures.

DEFAMATION.

Defamation is to utter that which is false with the intention of injuring the reputation or occupation of another.

Slander is to endeavor to injure the estimation of another by positive assertions. It is to expose the faults of another in his absence. Communicating to others the reports that are in circulation to another's disadvantage is slander. These reports may be true or false.

Aspersion is to stain the reputation of another. It is an indirect representation implying something bad, real or supposed. It is to speak slightly of another, making insinuations against his purity of principle or the honesty of his conduct.

ABHORRENCE.

Abhorrence signifies extreme hatred mingled with contempt. We abhor that which is repugnant to our moral feelings, that which is base and ungenerous.

Horror is often a passion compounded of fear and hatred or disgust. The recital of a bloody deed fills us with horror.

Loathing is an extreme aversion to anything. It is produced by the physical senses. We loathe food when we are sick; we may loathe the sight of disagreeable objects. In the moral acceptation it is a strong figure of speech to mark the disgust and abhorrence which the thought of anything offensive produces. We loathe the endearments of those who are offensive.

Disgust is an unpleasant sensation excited in the organs of taste by something disagreeable. It is not so strong as loathing. It is also an unpleasant sensation of the mind aroused by something offensive in the manner, conduct, language, or opinion of another. It may be transitory or otherwise. It owes its origin to the nature of things and their natural operation on the mind.

Repugnance signifies the opposition of the feelings to anything, and implies strong dislike. That which

is morally wrong is repugnant to the honor as well as to the interests of the offender. Repugnance is a transitory feeling.

Contempt is the act of considering and treating as mean, vile, and worthless. It is one of the strongest expressions of disapproval. As applied to persons, it may be justly provoked by their character.

Scorn is extreme contempt. It implies that the object is stripped of honor and exposed to derision, and also a consciousness of our own superiority.

Disdain is to consider to be unworthy of notice, care, regard, esteem, or unworthy of one's character. The wealthy man treats with disdain him whom he despises for his poverty. The man of elevated mind disdains a mean action.

DERISION.

Derision is the manifestation of one's contempt by laughter, gesticulation, or cutting words. Often it is deep, not loud. It is a direct attack on the individual, and always has a mixture of hostility in it.

Mocking is ridiculing a thing by imitating it. It is usually noisy and outrageous, sometimes breaking out into insulting buffoonery, and sometimes accompanied with personal violence. It is a personal attack, and indicates a degree of hostility.

Ridicule is saying that which is intended to awaken laughter with some degree of contempt. It expresses less than scorn. Ridicule is aimed at that which is not only laughable, but improper, absurd, or despicable. It is frequently unaccompanied with any personal feeling of displeasure. A person may be ridiculed on account of his eccentricities.

Irony seems to praise that which it really condemns. It may be detected by the manner of expression. It is generally accompanied by a smile or an arch look, or perhaps by an affected gravity of countenance.

Sarcasm is 'keen, reproachful expression uttered with some degree of scorn or contempt. There is an example of this in the remark of the Jews respecting Christ on the cross: "He saved others; himself he cannot save."

ENMITY.

Enmity, the quality of being an enemy, is the opposite of friendship. It expresses ill will or hatred toward another. It expresses more than aversion and less than malice. Enmity is often concealed in the heart, and does not betray itself by any open act of hostility. It is a permanent feeling.

Aversion expresses moderate hatred, or opposition of mind. It is not so strong as abhorrence or detestation. People of gloomy temperament have an aversion for society.

Animosity is violent hatred leading to active opposition. Enmity may be secret and inactive; animosity is active. It expresses less than malice.

Jealousy arises from the fear that a rival may rob us of the affections of one whom we love, or the suspicion that he has already done it; or it arises from the fear that another does or will enjoy some advantage which we desire for ourselves. A husband may be jealous of his wife or a wife of her husband; the candidate for office manifests a jealousy of others who seek the same office; the jealousy of a student is awakened by the apprehension that his fellow will bear away the palm of praise. It is applicable to bodies of men as well as individuals. Nations

are jealous of any interference on the part of any other power in commerce, government, or territory.

Envy and jealousy are closely allied. Jealousy, before a good is lost by ourselves, is converted into envy after it is obtained by others. A man may be envious of that which others possess, which he desires himself, as rank, honor, wealth, etc.

Antipathy is a natural or instinctive feeling against a person or thing. It may be of different degrees, sometimes the presence of the object exciting terror or horror. Children often have an antipathy for grown people or for some animal. Antipathy may also be contracted from habit or experience.

RESENTMENT.

Resentment is continued anger. It arises from a sense of wrong offered to ourselves or to our friends. It is associated with a dislike of the offender as much as the offense. It usually expresses less excitement than anger. It is not so strong as wrath, exasperation, or indignation.

Indignation is anger mingled with disapproval, contempt, or abhorrence. It is awakened by the unworthy and base conduct of others. It may arise from a high sense of honor.

Anger is a violent passion aroused by a real or supposed injury of ourselves or our friends. It varies in degree.

Wrath is a heightened sentiment of anger. It is the feeling of a superior toward an inferior, and, when provoked by personal injuries, expresses itself by haughtiness and a vindictive temper.

Rage is inflamed or violent anger accompanied with furious words or gestures.

Fury is an excess of rage which takes away the use of the understanding.

REVENGE.

Revenge is to inflict pain deliberately and maliciously, contrary to the laws of justice and humanity, in return for injury, pain, or evil received. To avenge is to punish on behalf of another. Revenge is to punish for oneself.

Retaliation is the return of like for like; the doing that to another which he has done for us; to make another suffer in return for the suffering he has caused. A trick practiced upon another in return for a trick is retaliation. It is often employed in a good sense, return of good for good.

OPERATIONS OF THE SENTIMENTS.

RIGHT.

Right signifies that which is just and proper and becoming. Right is a relative term. That which may be right for one person may be wrong for another. A man's intentions may be right, though his actions be wrong. It is right that we should obey the laws of the country in which we live, provided these laws are in harmony with our consciences. That which we regard as right or wrong will depend largely on our mental development and our education. The heathen mother may think it right to sacrifice her child in the Ganges or herself on the funeral pyre of her husband. The Christian may think it right to take the life of one convicted of murder or to settle national disputes by war. A man may think it right to forgive his enemies.

Duty consists of what is right or due from one person to another; that which a person is bound by some obligation to do. There can be no duty without a previous obligation, and where there is an obligation it involves a duty. Duty is ap-

plicable to the conduct of men in their various relations. Obligation is applicable only to particular circumstances or modes of action.

Justice is giving to every one that which is his due. It is founded on the laws of society. Equity is founded on the laws of nature. Justice is a written or prescribed law to which one is bound to conform and make it the rule of one's decisions. Justice forbids our doing wrong to any one, and requires us to repair the wrongs we have done to others. The proper object of justice is to secure property; that of equity, to secure the rights of humanity.

Honor is true nobleness of mind; it is an independent principle which actuates men in the adjustment of their rights with each other.

Probity respects the rights of men, giving every one his due, whether as regards his property, reputation, honor, or anything on which a value is set. Probity of mind is best shown by probity of conduct in social dealings, particularly in adhering to strict integrity in the observance and performance of rights called imperfect which public laws do not reach and cannot enforce.

Uprightness is not deviating from that which one thinks is right, in opposition to every temptation. A person may be said to be upright in all situations when confidence and intelligence are required.

Integrity signifies soundness of principle. He who faithfully discharges his trust and consults the interests of others rather than his own is justly styled a man of integrity.

DEFENSE.

Defense is a generic term, which defines nothing with regard to the degree and manner of action. The primary sense is to put anything before a per-

son; a covering. Defense requires some action either of body or mind, and is employed either in matters of opinion or conduct. Acts of importance are defended. Persons may defend others. Soldiers may defend their country. Defense presupposes a consciousness of innocence more or less.

Vindication	is a defense or justification of anything, whether by force or otherwise, as the vindication of the rights of man, the vindication of our liberties or rights of conscience, or the vindication of opinion.
Assertion	is to declare or affirm positively. We assert anything to be true. Innocence is asserted by positive declaration. A right or claim is asserted which is avowed to belong to any one. We confute an assertion.
Justification	is founded on the conviction, not only of entire innocence, but of strict propriety. We justify our conduct against any imputation by proving it was blameless. It is applicable to all moral causes in common life.
Affirmation	is declaring a thing as a fact or giving strength to what has been said. A person affirms what he has seen or what he sees. Affirmations are employed in giving evidence, whether accompanied with an oath or not. We affirm that which we know to be true. We contradict that which we know is untrue.
Abjuration	is a renunciation upon oath, a rejection or denial with solemnity. Interests often lead men to abjure their faith. Henry IV., of France, abjured Calvinism.
Confutation	is disproving, or proving to be false or invalid. Arguments, opinions, reasoning, theory, or error may be overthrown or confuted.

- Refutation** is proving to be false or erroneous. It respects that which is practical and personal. A charge is refuted by proving the innocence of the person charged. Calumnies may be confuted.
- Protestation** is a solemn declaration of opinion, commonly against some act. One may protest one's innocence. Protestation is accompanied with every act, look, or gesture that can tend to impress conviction on another.
- Apology** is an excuse, something said or written in defense or extenuation of what appears to others wrong or unjustifiable, or of what may be liable to disapprobation. It may be an extenuation of what is not perfectly justifiable, or a vindication of what is or may be disapproved, but which the apologist deems to be right. A man makes an apology for not fulfilling an engagement or for publishing a pamphlet.
- Denial** is an assertion that a declaration or fact stated is not true. It is always a direct answer to a charge. Our veracity or judgment is often the only thing implicated in the denial.

REPENTANCE.

- Repentance** is the pain or grief which a person feels in consequence of the injury or inconvenience produced by his own conduct. We may repent that we have lost much time in idleness or sensual pleasure; that we have injured or wounded the feelings of a friend. A person repents only of what he himself has done or said. It supposes a change of conduct at least as long as the sorrow lasts.
- Penitence** is sorrow for sins or offenses which springs from a conviction of guilt and ingratitude to God, and is followed by amendment of life. Penitence is applicable only to spiritual guilt. We may have penitence for a thing all our lives.

Contrition	is a continued and severe sorrow, appropriate to one who has been in a continued state of peculiar sinfulness. It is awakened by reflecting on particular offenses. The prodigal son was a contrite sinner.
Compunction	is an occasional but sharp sorrow provoked by a single offense or a moment's reflection.
Remorse	is a pain or grief awakened by some particular offense of peculiar magnitude and atrocity. It may be temporary, but it is stronger than compunction. David was struck with remorse for the murder of Uriah.
Atonement	is satisfaction or reparation made by giving an equivalent for an injury, or by doing or suffering that which is received in satisfaction for an offense or injury. Offenses between man and man are sometimes atoned for by an acknowledgment of error.

PRAYER.

Prayer	is a solemn address to the Supreme Being, consisting of adoration, confession of sins, supplication for mercy and forgiveness, intercession for blessings on others, and thanksgiving for mercies and benefits. The prayer is made for everything that is of the first importance to us as living beings. When the term <i>prayer</i> is applied to men, it carries with it the idea of earnestness and submission.
Petition	may be supplication to a Supreme Being or a supplication from an inferior to a superior, either to a single person clothed with power or to a legislative or other body, asking some favor, grant, right, or mercy. The petition is made for that which may satisfy our desires. It is more generally made to our fellow-creatures.

Request	is the expression of desire to some person for something to be granted or done. It is but a simple expression, and marks an equality. One friend makes a request of another. It is an individual act between men in their private relations.
Solicitation	is a seeking to obtain something from another with some degree of zeal and earnestness. One solicits by virtue of one's interests.
Entreaty	is to ask earnestly. An entreaty is urgent and made in matters that deeply interest the feelings. One entreats by force of reasoning and strong representation. Entreaty differs from request in the nature of the object and the mode of preferring.
Supplication	is an earnest and humble request. It signifies to bend the body down in token of submission or distress in order to awaken notice. It denotes a state of abject distress. A slave supplicates his master for pardon when he has offended.
Imploring	is praying earnestly. One implores by every mark of dejection and humiliation. It is resorted to by sufferers for the relief of their miseries. One may implore for mercy.

WRONG.

Wrong	is a violation of right; an injury done by one person to another in express violation of justice. Wrongs are either public or private. It is a generic term.
Transgression	is the violation of a law or known principle of rectitude. A man may transgress the moral or civil law. The offenses which constitute transgression flow out of the laws of society in general, which fix the boundaries of right and wrong. It is a species of moral as well as political evil.

INJUSTICE.

Injustice is any violation of another's rights, as fraud in contracts or the withholding of what is due. It has a particular reference to an unequal distribution of rights, property, or privileges among persons who have equal rights; the withholding from another merited praise or ascribing to him unmerited blame.

DECEPTION.

Deception is the act of misleading. It signifies producing a false conviction. It may be practiced in a diversity of ways from a diversity of motives. It may be practiced by an individual on himself or on others. Deception is the act of an ignorant, low, or weak mind.

Dissimulation is the making of oneself appear unlike what one really is. The dissembler conceals his vices when he wants to gain the simple or ignorant to his side.

Cunning implies the use of artifice to accomplish the purpose, rather than open, candid, or direct means. It marks the disposition to practice disguise in the prosecution of a plan. It is of a thoughtful and cunning mind, and always has self in view. The cunning man seeks his own gratification without regard for others.

Hypocrisy is a feigning to be what one is not; a concealment of one's real character or motives. The hypocrite assumes a false appearance of virtue or religion.

ACCUSATION.

Accusation is the act of asserting that which is prejudicial to another. We accuse only to make known the offense, to provoke inquiry. We may accuse a person of murder.

Imputation is the act of attributing or charging, generally in an ill sense. We are liable to the imputation of numerous sins and errors; to the imputation

of pride, vanity, and self-confidence; to the imputation of weakness and irresolution or rashness. Sometimes imputation is used in a good sense.

- Rebuke** is a reproving for faults. It has less to do with the relation or station of the persons than with the nature of the offense. Improprieties of behavior demand rebuke. Christ rebuked Peter for his presumptuous mode of speech. A rebuke is given with coolness.
- Reproach** is censure mingled with contempt or derision; contumelious or opprobrious language toward any person. It denotes the expression of personal feeling, and may be just or unjust. Reproaches are frequently dictated by resentment or self-interest.
- Reproof** is blame expressed to the face; censure for a fault. Irregularities of conduct give rise to reproof. Nathan reproofed King David for his heinous offense. Reproof is given with coolness.
- Reprimand** marks a stronger degree of displeasure than reproof or rebuke. Omissions or mistakes occasion or require a reprimand. It is employed for offenses against the individual and in cases where the greatest disparity exists in the station of the persons. A servant is reprimanded by his master.
- Invective** is a railing expression intended to cast opprobrium, censure, or reproach on another. It differs from reproof, as the latter may come from a friend and be intended for the good of the person reproofed; but invective proceeds from an enemy, and is intended to give pain or to injure. It is dictated by party spirit or an intemperate warmth of feeling in matters of opinion. It is the ebullition of zeal and ill nature in public concerns. It is used against the thing rather than against the person.

- Impeachment** is an accusation or charge brought against a public officer for maladministration in his office. He who impeaches only asserts the guilt, but does not determine it.
- Denunciation** is a solemn or formal declaration, accompanied with a menace; or the declaration of intended evil; proclamation of a threat.
- Condemnation** is pronouncing to be utterly wrong; a sentence of disapprobation or blame. It often implies more than censure or blame, and seems to include the idea of utter rejection, as to condemn heretical opinions, to condemn one's conduct. Literally, condemnation signifies declaring one guilty and dooming him to punishment. Though said of personal matters, condemnation has more reference to the thing than the person. That which is condemned is of a serious nature, and expresses a strong displeasure or disapprobation.

OPERATIONS OF THE INTELLECT.

IDEA.

- Idea** is literally that which is seen; hence, form, image, model of anything in the mind; that which is held or comprehended by the understanding or intellectual faculties. Ideas are the rude material upon which the thinking faculty exerts itself. The term is used in all cases for the mental representation, abstractedly from the agent that represents them.
- Perception** is the act of perceiving or of receiving the knowledge of external objects by impressions of the senses, or that act or process of the mind which makes known an external object. Perception expresses either the act of perceiving or the impression produced by that act. The impression of an object that is presented to us is

termed a perception. The perception which we have of remote objects is sometimes so indistinct as to leave hardly any trace of the image on the mind. If we look at the moon, we have a perception of it. If it disappears from sight and the impression remains, we have an idea of it.

Apprehension is the operation of the mind in contemplating ideas without comparing them with others, or referring them to external objects. Apprehension signifies to take into the mind. It is the first effort of the thinking faculty, and belongs to children as well as to grown persons. It is performed by the help of the senses. One may be dull or quick of apprehension. It is applied only to reality. We cannot apprehend that of which we have no sensible impression.

Conception is a combination of ideas by which any image is presented to the mind. When we see an object with our eyes open, we have a perception of it; when the same object is presented to the mind with the eyes shut, in idea only, or in memory, we have a conception of it. It is not necessary for the object to exist. It may be the offspring of the operation of the mind within itself. If an object differing in shape and color from anything which we have seen presents itself to our minds, it is a conception. Conception is the mind's own work, what it pictures to itself from the exercise of its own powers. It is the fruit of the understanding and the imagination.

Comprehension is the power of the understanding to receive and contain ideas. When we conceive, we have but one idea; when we understand, we have all the ideas which the subject is capable of presenting. We cannot comprehend without conceiving, but we may conceive that which we do

not comprehend. We may conceive that a thing may exist without comprehending the nature of its existence.

THOUGHT.

Thought

is either the act or operation of the mind when attending to a particular subject or thing, or it is the idea consequent on that operation. We say a man's thoughts are employed on government, on religion, on trade, or arts; or his thoughts are employed on his dress or his means of living. By this we mean that the mind is directed to that particular subject or object. Thoughts arise in the mind by means of association and combination, or recur in the mind by the power of memory. They are the materials with which the thinking faculty employs itself. Thoughts are mean, low, groveling; or good, noble, sublime, according to the nature of the mind in which they exist.

Reflection

literally means to bend the mind back on itself. In reflecting we compare, combine, and judge of those ideas which pass in the mind. We reflect on them as they are applicable to our present condition. We reflect mostly on that which is past or present. A man reflects on his past follies and tries to profit by their experience. Reflection is employed for matters of speculation or moral improvement.

Musing

signifies to dwell upon with the imagination. It is a mode of reflection. We muse on that which is past or present, but never on the future. One muses on events or circumstances which have been just passing, or on the happy events of his childhood. It is a temporary employment of the mind on the ordinary concerns of life, as they happen to excite an interest for the time.

- Pondering** is weighing infellectually. One ponders upon matters of grave importance, on any serious concern that affects one's destiny.
- Abstraction** signifies separation from all worldly objects. It denotes deep thought on something not present. The abstracted man is lost in thinking. It is, for the most part, a temporary state. The mind performs the office of abstraction for itself. By the operation of abstraction the mind creates for itself a multitude of new ideas.
- Contemplation** is the act of the mind in considering with attention. We may contemplate what is present or before our eyes, or on the future. What is contemplated to be done is thought of more indistinctly than when it is meditated to be done. Many things are contemplated which are never seriously meditated. The heavens and all the works of nature are fit subjects for contemplation.
- Meditation** is close or continued thought. Meditation modulates or attunes the thoughts as sounds are harmonized. It is a serious and permanent action. It is a duty which cannot be neglected without injury to one's spiritual improvement.
- Concentration** is the act of centering the intellectual faculties on one subject or object.

IMAGINATION.

- Imagination** is forming images in the mind. Imagination is the will working on the material of memory. It selects the parts of different conceptions, or objects of memory, to form a whole more pleasing, more terrible, or more awful than has ever been presented in the ordinary course of nature. The imagination is supposed to act when the intellectual powers are in full play. It soars above all vulgar objects and carries us

from the world of matter into the world of spirit. The imagination is one's own. The poet's imagination depicts everything grand, everything bold, and everything remote.

Fancy

is the power by which the mind forms images or representations of things at pleasure. It is often used as synonymous with imagination, but imagination is rather the power of combining and modifying our conceptions. Fancy simply brings the object to the mind, or makes it appear. It employs itself about things without regarding their nature. Fancy forms combinations, whether real or unreal, as chance may dictate. The fancy is employed on light or trivial objects which are present to the senses. A milliner or mantuamaker may employ her fancy on the decoration of a hat or cape. We say that we fancy that we see or hear anything, not that we imagine it.

JUDGMENT.**Judgment**

is the act or process of the mind in comparing its ideas, to find their agreement or disagreement, and to ascertain truth; or the process of examining facts and arguments, to ascertain propriety and justice. It is the faculty that enables a person to distinguish right from wrong in general. Judgment is conclusive, and decides by positive inference. It is practical, and is directed toward that which is to be done, and extends its views to the future. It makes the relation and connection of things, and foresees their consequences and effects. It requires knowledge and actual experience. A man of good judgment is enabled to avoid those errors in conduct which one of weak judgment is always falling into. It produces from deduction that which passes inwardly.

- Discrimination** is the act of making or observing a difference. It is employed in the discovery of the discernment between two or more objects. We discriminate between the characters of different men. Of discrimination we say that it is nice. It renders our ideas more accurate and serves to prevent our confounding objects. We use discrimination in determining the proportions and degrees of qualities in persons and things.
- Comparison** is the act of considering the relation between persons or things, with a view to discover their agreement or resemblance, or their disagreement or difference. It serves to ascertain the true relation of objects. Likeness in the quality and difference in the degree are requisite for a comparison. Things are large or small, important or unimportant, by comparison.
- Contrast** signifies the placing of one thing opposite to another. Likeness in the degree and opposition in the quality are requisite for a contrast. Things are magnified or diminished by contrast.
- Distinguishing** signifies to see two or more things in quick succession so as to compare them; separating from others by a note of diversity. We distinguish things according to their outward marks. We distinguish in order that we may not confound things. It requires a keen eye to distinguish objects that bear a great resemblance to each other. We distinguish between practice and profession.
- Discernment** is the power of the mind by which it distinguishes one thing from another, as truth from falsehood, virtue from vice. A man of common discernment discerns characters which are not concealed by any particular. Of discernment we may say that it is clear; it serves to remove all obscurity and confusion. When we wish to

estimate the real qualities of either persons or things, we exercise discernment.

Penetration is mentally entering into anything abstruse, as a penetration into the abstruse difficulties of algebra. It is the power of seeing quickly, and seeing in spite of all that intercepts the sight and keeps the object out of view. Of penetration we say that it is acute. It pierces every veil which falsehood draws before truth and prevents our being deceived. When it is required to lay open that which art or cunning has concealed, we use penetration.

Discretion is that discernment which enables a person to judge critically of what is correct and proper, united with caution. It is intuitive. It discerns or perceives what is in all probability right. It sometimes only guards against error or direct mistakes. It chooses what is nearest to the truth. A general uses his discretion in the choice of officers for different posts. Those who have the management or conduct of others require discretion. It is applied to persons rather than to things. It looks to the present.

Prudence is a mode of discretion. It looks only to the good or evil which may result from a thing. It calculates on the future. Those who have the management of their own concerns require prudence. For want of prudence the merchant may involve himself in ruin. Prudence is applied to both persons and things.

REASON.

Reason signifies the thing thought, estimated, or valued in the mind. It respects the movements and operations of the mind; to argue, to infer conclusions from premises, or to deduce new or unknown propositions from previous propositions which are known to be evident. Men may

reason within themselves. They may reason before a court or Legislature. Whatever opinions men may hold, they ought to be able to assign a substantial reason for them.

Logic may be considered the science or art of exact reasoning. It investigates the principles on which argumentation is conducted, and furnishes rules to secure the mind from error in its deductions. Logic includes the art of thinking as well as the art of reasoning.

Abstract, to draw from; expressing a particular property of an object, viewed apart from the other properties which constitute it; considered apart from any application to a particular object; existing in the mind only, as abstract truth, abstract numbers.

Concrete, to grow together; standing for an object as it exists in nature, invested with all its qualities, as distinguished from standing for an attribute of an object.

Analysis, to resolve into its elements; the tracing of things to their source, and the resolving of knowledge into its original elements; a resolution of anything, whether an object of the senses or of the intellect, into its original elements; to analyze a sentence; to analyze an action to ascertain its morality.

Synthesis signifies a putting together; the combination of separate elements of thought into a whole, as of simple into complex conceptions, species into genera, individual propositions into systems.

Induction, the art or process of reasoning from a part to a whole, from particulars to generals, or from the individual to the universal; also the result of inference so reached. In induction we observe a sufficient number of individual facts, and on

the ground of analogy extend what is true of them to others of the same class, thus arriving at general principles or laws. It relates to actual existences, as in physical sciences or the concerns of life. By induction Franklin established the identity of lightning and electricity.

Deduction,

that which is deduced or drawn from premises by a process of reasoning. In deduction we begin with a general truth, which is already proved or provisionally assumed, and seek to connect it with some particular case by means of a middle term, or class of objects, known to be equally connected with both. Thus we bring down the general into the particular, affirming of the latter the distinctive qualities of the former. By deduction Franklin inferred that dwellings might be protected by lightning rods. This is the syllogistic method.

WARNING.**Warning**

is a caution against danger or against faults or evil practices which incur danger. Warning respects the personal interest or safety. It is necessary to warn those who seem determined to persevere in a wicked course of the consequences of sin.

Advice

is an opinion recommended or offered. Advice respects the future. We advise a person as to his future conduct by giving him rules and instructions. Advice serves to direct people in the choice of good.

Admonition

is a gentle reproof; counseling against a fault. It respects the moral conduct; It comprehends reasoning and remonstrance. We admonish a person against the commission of any offense. Admonition is given by those who are superior in age and station. The old admonish the

young. Admonition should be given with mildness and gravity.

Caution is prudence in regard to danger; wariness, consisting in a careful attention to the probable effects of a measure, and a judicious course of conduct to avoid evils and the arts of designing men. Like warning, caution respects personal safety. Caution is also used as advice. Cautions are given by those who are previously in possession of information. It is necessary to caution those who are going in a strange path against false steps. Warnings and cautions are given by things as well as persons. Unfortunate accidents of the careless serve as a caution to others to avoid a like error.

Exhortation is the act of inciting to do that which is good or commendable. Exhortations are employed only in matters of duty or necessity. A superior exhorts. His words carry authority with them and rouse to action.

Remonstrance is a strong representation of reasons against a measure, either public or private. It rests mostly on the force of reason and representation. The remonstrance may be made on matters of propriety. We remonstrate in a tone of complaint. A party aggrieved presents a remonstrance to the Legislature.

PREDICTION.

Prediction is a foretelling; a previous declaration of a future event.

Premonition is a previous warning, notice, or information. Christ gave to his disciples premonitions of their sufferings.

Foreboding is a foretelling or foreknowledge of future events.

CURIOSITY.

- Curiosity** is a strong desire to see something novel, or to discover something unknown, either by research or inquiry; a desire to gratify the senses with a sight of what is new or unusual, or to gratify the mind with new discoveries. Curiosity is directed to all objects that can gratify the inclination, taste, or understanding. It employs every means which falls into its way in order to procure gratification. It may be used in a good or bad sense. A traveler is curious who examines everything for himself. The curious person interests himself in all works of nature and art.
- Inquisitiveness** signifies a disposition to investigate thoroughly. It is directed only to such things as satisfy the understanding. It is indulged in by means of verbal inquiry. The inquisitive person collects all his information from others. Children are usually inquisitive.
- Prying** signifies the disposition to sift to the bottom. It is never used otherwise than in a bad sense. A prying temper is unceasing in its endeavors to get acquainted with the secrets of others. It belongs only to people of low characters. Those who are of a prying temper are insensible to everything but the desire of unveiling what is hidden.

GRANDEUR.

- Grandeur** is, in a general sense, greatness; that quality or combination of qualities, in an object, which elevates or expands the mind and excites pleasurable emotions in him who views or contemplates it. It may be said either of works of art or of nature. It is sometimes applied to the mind. A scene is grand as it fills the imagination with immensity. The pyramids of Egypt and the ocean are both grand objects. Grand objects are viewed with admiration.

Sublimity

is an elevated feeling, consisting of a union of astonishment and awe, at the contemplation of great scenes and objects, or exalted excellence. It also means a loftiness of character, or a lofty style of expression. Sublimity designates the idea of height. A scene is sublime as it elevates the imagination beyond the surrounding and less important objects. It is peculiarly applicable to the works of nature. There is something sublime in the sight of huge mountains and craggy cliffs of ice shaped into various fantastic forms. A tempestuous ocean is a sublime object. Sublimity is applied both to the thoughts and to the expressions.

BELIEF.**Belief**

is a persuasion of the truth, or an assent of mind to the truth of a declaration, proposition, or alleged fact on the ground of evidence distinct from personal knowledge, as the belief in the gospel, belief of a witness. Belief may also be founded on internal impressions, or arguments and reasons furnished by our own minds, as the belief of our senses. A train of reasoning may result in a belief. Belief is opposed to knowledge and science. Belief is not always regulated by our reasoning faculties or the truth of things. We often believe, from presumptive ignorance or passion, that things are true which are very false. Belief is simply an act of the understanding. There can be no faith or trust without it.

Trust

is reliance or resting of the mind on the integrity, veracity, justice, friendship, or other sound principle of another person. There are no disappointments more severe than those which we feel on finding that we have trusted to men of base principles. Trust is credit given without examination, as to take opinions on trust.

Faith, like trust, is an active, moving principle of the mind, which impels to action. Faith operates on the outward conduct. Enthusiasts mistake passion for faith. True faith must be founded on right belief.

DOUBT.

Doubt is to be uncertain respecting the truth or fact. We are in doubt for want of evidence. We doubt in matters of general interest, or abstruse as well as common objects. The doubt is frequently confined to the individual. We doubt whether we shall be able to succeed; we doubt the truth of a position.

Suspicion is the imagination of the existence of something without proof, or upon very slight evidence, or upon no evidence at all. Suspicion often proceeds from the apprehension of evil. It is the offspring or companion of jealousy. The suspicious man is fearful of the intentions of another, and will be cautious to have no dealings with him.

Distrust is to doubt the truth, fidelity, firmness, or sincerity of another. We distrust a man when we question his veracity, etc. Distrust is said either of ourselves or others. A person may have distrust of one's own powers for the execution of a particular office.

OPERATIONS OF THE WILL.

ACTION.

Action is the external signs of expression of the sentiments of a moral agent; conduct; behavior; demeanor—that is, motion or movement, with respect to a rule or propriety. An act is a single exercise of power; action, a continued exercise of power. Action may consist of more acts than one. It is used in respect to the move-

ments of the body in general. In oratory action is gesture or gesticulation; the external deportment of the speaker, or the accommodation of his attitude, voice, gesture, and countenance to the subject or to the thoughts and feelings of the mind.

RESOLUTION.

- Resolution** is a fixed purpose or determination of mind, as a resolution to reform our lives, a resolution to undertake an expedition. A student resolves to conquer every difficulty in the way of acquirement. We require resolution not to yield to the first difficulties that offer. It is an act of the will. A sense of duty, honor, fidelity, and the will give birth to resolution.
- Determination** is decision of a question in the mind; firm resolution; settled purpose; as, They have acquainted me with their determination.
- Perseverance** is persistence in anything undertaken; continued pursuit or prosecution of any business or enterprise begun. It is applied alike to good and evil. To persevere is to continue without wishing to change, or from a positive desire to attain an object. Perseverance marks a direct temper of mind. We persevere from reflection and the exercise of our judgment.
- Persistency** is continuing from a determination or will not to cease. Like perseverance, it marks a direct temper of the mind. It is in a good or evil sense, more generally in persisting in that which is evil or injurious to others, or unadvisable. A child persists in making a request until he has obtained the object of his desire. Persisting is always coupled with a mode of action.

- Tenacity** is the quality of holding fast; unwilling to quit, resign, or let go, as a man's tenaciousness of his rights or opinions. We may be tenacious of that which is good, as when a man is tenacious of whatever may affect his home. It most commonly happens that people are most tenacious of being thought to possess that in which they are most deficient.
- Pertinacity** is firm or unyielding adherence to any opinion, purpose, or design. It often happens that people are most pertinacious in maintaining that which is most absurd.
- Obstinacy** is a fixedness that will not yield to persuasion, argument, or other means. It may not always convey the idea of unreasonable or unjustifiable firmness, as when we say soldiers fight with obstinacy. But often, and perhaps usually, the word denotes a fixedness of resolution which is not to be vindicated under the circumstances. Obstinacy is a habit of the mind.
- Stubbornness** is perverse and unreasonable obstinacy. It is mostly inherent in a person's nature. A stubborn disposition betrays itself mostly in those who are bound to the will of another. It lies altogether in the perversion of the will.
- Headstrongness** is violent and ungovernable obstinacy. A headstrong temper is commonly associated with violence and impetuosity of character. It may be said of any who are full of conceit and bent on following it.
- Resistance** is not yielding to force or external impression. Resistance is passive, as that of a fixed body which interrupts the passage of a moving body; or active, as in the exertion to stop, repel, or defeat progress or design.

Patience	is a calm temper which bears evils without murmuring or discontent. It consists in the abstaining from all complaint or indications of what one suffers. It may spring from a constitutional fortitude, from an heroic pride, or from a sense of duty. It is applied to things in general, but especially to what is painful.
Obedience	is compliance with a command, prohibition, or known law and rule of duty prescribed; a course of conduct conformable to some specific rule or the express will of another. Obedience is founded on principle and cannot be figured. We are obedient from a sense of right. The understanding and the heart produce it. We show our obedience to the law by avoiding a breach of it. Obedience is always used in a good sense.
Defiance	is a contempt of opposition or danger; a daring or resistance that implies the contempt of an adversary or any opposing power. Men often transgress the law and act in defiance of authority.
Challenge	has more provocation than resistance in it. He who challenges provokes or calls on another to do something. To challenge is a formal act performed by words, as to challenge another to fight or to engage in any contest.
Threatening	is the act of menacing; a denunciation of evil, or declaration of a purpose to inflict evil on a person or country, usually for sins and offenses. We are threatened by things as well as persons. The clouds may have a threatening aspect.
Command	signifies to give or appoint as a task. It is an exercise of power or authority. It is imperative, and must be obeyed.
Demand	signifies to call for imperatively. We demand that which is owing and ought to be given. It

is positive, and admits of no question. The creditor makes a demand on the debtor. A thing is commonly demanded in express words. A person demands admittance when it is not voluntary.

COURAGE.

- Courage** is that quality of mind which enables men to encounter danger and difficulties with firmness. Courage lies in the mind and depends on the reason. A man is courageous in proportion as he reasons and reflects. Courage seeks to avert the distant evils that may possibly arrive. It is most adapted for the general and all who give command. The courageous man advances to the scene of action which is before him. Courage is equally fitted to command or to obey.
- Confidence** is reliance on one's own ability or fortune; belief in one's own competency. It is an habitual or permanent state of mind. A confident man is always ready to act, as he is sure of succeeding. It is more often expressed by actions than by words.
- Audacity** signifies literally the quality of daring. It has something of vehemence or defiance in it. It is sometimes used in a good sense, as a daring spirit, resolution, or confidence. Sometimes it is used in a bad sense; impudent, implying a contempt of law or moral restraint. An audacious man speaks with a lofty tone, without respect, and without reflection. His haughty demeanor makes him forget what is due to his superior.
- Fearlessness** is a negative state of mind; it is simply an absence of fear. A man may be fearless where there is no apprehension of danger or no cause for apprehension. He may be fearless in a state of action.

- Intrepidity** marks the total absence of fear. He is intrepid who has no fear where the bravest might tremble. It may be shown either in the bare contemplation of danger or in the actual encountering of danger in opposing resistance to force.
- Boldness** is a positive characteristic of the spirit. A person is bold only when he is conscious or apprehensive of danger and prepared to encounter it. He is bold only in action, or when in a frame of mind for action. A man may be bold in the use of words only.
- Daring** signifies to have courage to do. He who is daring provokes resistance and courts danger. A man is daring in action only. It is an informal act performed, either by words or deeds. Like boldness, daring is sometimes used in a bad sense.
- Bravery** signifies to act the part of a fearless man. It lies in the blood and depends on the physical temperament. It is a species of instinct. A man is brave in proportion as he is without thought. It is of avail only in the hour of attack. Bravery is most fitted for the soldiers and all who receive orders. It has most relation to danger.
- Valor** is strength of mind in regard to danger. It is of a higher quality than bravery. Valor directs and executes. It is most fitted for the leader and framer of enterprises. It has a particular reference to action. The valiant man seeks for occasions to act.
- Gallantry** signifies splendid qualities. Gallantry is extraordinary bravery, or bravery on extraordinary occasions. It is peculiar to individuals or particular bodies. The gallant man volunteers his services in cases of peculiar danger. Gallantry is also splendor of appearance.

Heroism is the qualities of bravery, courage, and intrepidity, particularly in war.

IRRESOLUTION.

Irresolution is want of resolution; want of decision in purpose; a fluctuation of mind, as in doubt, or between hope and fear.

Indecision is want of decision; want of settled purpose, or of firmness in determination of the will; a wavering of the mind.

Vacillation is fluctuation in mind or opinion; a wavering.

Hesitation is a pausing or delay in forming an opinion or commencing action. We hesitate because of an undecided state of mind.

Fickleness is inconstancy or instability; unsteadiness in opinion or purpose. Fickleness respects the inclinations and attachments. A fickle person likes many things successively or at the same time. It arises from a lightness of mind.

Relinquishment is the act of leaving or quitting; a forsaking; the renouncing a claim to. It is an act of prudence or imprudence. Men often inadvertently relinquish the fairest prospects in order to follow some favorite scheme, which terminates in their ruin.

Forsaking is leaving or deserting. It is an indifferent action, and implies simply the leaving something to which one has been attached. By forsaking the kindly feelings are hurt, and the social ties are broken.

Abandoning is forsaking or deserting wholly. It is a violation of the most sacred ties, and exposes the object to every misery. A bad mother abandons her offspring. To abandon may be an act of necessity or discretion, as a captain abandons his vessel when it is no longer safe to re-

main in it. Abandoning also means yielding oneself without restraint.

Renunciation is the act of renouncing; a disowning; rejection; refusing to own or acknowledge as belonging to, as to renounce a title to land or a claim to reward, to renounce all pretensions to applause, to renounce the world and all its cares.

Resignation is applied either to outward actions or merely to inward movements. It seems to be passive. It is the leaning of the mind to circumstances. We resign that which we have. When applied to the state of a person's mind or the actions flowing from that state, it is always used in a good sense. A man resigns himself to the will of Providence or to the circumstances of his condition. He is said to be resigned when he discovers composure and tranquillity in the hour of affliction.

Submission supposes a restraint of one's own will in order to bring it into accordance with that of another. It is relatively good. It is often a personal act immediately directed to the individual. We are submissive from a sense of necessity. It is a partial bending to another which is easily affected by our outward behavior. Its expression is a downcast look and a bent body.

COWARDICE.

Cowardice is want of courage to face danger; fear of exposing one's person to danger.

Diffidence signifies having no faith. It is said generally of ourselves. It is culpable distrust. It altogether unmans a person and disqualifies him for his duty. A diffident man cannot turn his talents to his own use.

- Timidity** is applied only physically and personally. It is mostly used in a moral sense. It is characteristic of a timid person to be afraid of offending or meeting with something painful from others. A person with such a disposition is prevented from following the dictates of his own mind. Timidity in one person may be a good trait of character, while in another it is a deep reproach.
- Fear** is a painful apprehension of some impending evil; to consider or expect with emotions of alarm or solicitude. What is probable may be feared. We fear the approach of an enemy or of a storm. We may fear the consequences of a person's resentment.
- Alarm** springs from any sudden signal that announces the approach of danger. Alarm makes us run to our defense. We are alarmed for what we comprehend.
- Terror** is extreme fear; violent dread; fear that agitates the body and the mind. Terror springs from any event or phenomenon that may serve as a prognostic of some catastrophe. Horrid spectacles terrify us. We may be terrified by what we imagine. Terror disarms us.

**EXAMPLES OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE
EMOTIONS.**

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother,
dear;

To-morrow will be the happiest time of all the glad New
Year—

Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest
day;

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother; I'm to be Queen
o' the May. —Tennyson.

There's no faith in earth!

The very men with whom I walked through life,

Nay, till within this hour, in all the bonds

Of courtesy and high companionship,

They all deserted me; Metellus, Scipio,

Æmilius, Cato, even my kinsman, Cæsar—

All the chief names and senators of Rome,

This day, as if the heavens had stamp'd me black,

Turn'd on their heel, just at the point of fate,

Left me a mockery, in the rabble's midst,

And followed their plebeian consul, Cicero!

This was the day to which I look'd through life;

And it has fail'd me—vanished from my grasp

Like air. —Croly.

Then let us pray that come it may—

As come it will for a' that—

That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,

May bear the gree, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,

It's coming yet, for a' that—

That man to man, the warld o'er,

Shall brothers be for a' that! —Burns.

King Richard. What must the king do now?

Must he submit?

The king shall do it: must he be depos'd?

The king shall be contented: must he lose

The name of king? In God's name, let it go:

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,

My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,

My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,

My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,

My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,

My subjects for a pair of carved saints,

And my large kingdom for a little grave—

A little, little grave, an obscure grave—

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,

Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;

For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;

And, buried once, why not upon my head?

—*King Richard II.*

Lochiel. Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!

Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,

Draw, dotard, around thy all wavering sight,

This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright!

—*Thomas Campbell.*

Oh! but to breathe the breath of cowslip and primrose
sweet,

With the sky above my head, and the grass beneath my
feet;

For only one short hour to feel as I used to feel,

Before I knew the woes of want, and the walk that costs a
meal.

—*Hood.*

“O my son Absalom, my son Absalom,
 Would God, I had died for thee,
 Absalom, my son, my son!” —*Bible.*

Oh, but for one short hour!—a respite, however brief!
 No blessed leisure for love or hope, but only time for grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart—but in their briny
 bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop hinders needle and
 thread. —*Hood.*

But the father said to his servants, “Bring forth the best
 robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and
 shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill
 it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead,
 and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.” —*Bible.*

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath
 turned his rein,
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter—the Flemish Count is
 slain:
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
 gale;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags and
 cloven mail. —*Macaulay.*

I have liv'd long enough: my May of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
 —*Macbeth.*

No more, no more
 The worldly shore
 Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
 With dreamful eyes,
 My spirit lies
 Under the walls of Paradise!

—*T. B. Read.*

Was wonder a wise kind of bee
 That has learned how to laugh?
 Could it laugh in one's ear, then fly
 And laugh again yonder?

—*Jean Ingelow.*

Behold the condemned Claudius, and Cynthia whom he lately took for his wife. They are condemned for the great folly of Claudius, that the Roman people may know that Commodus reigns supreme; the crime for which they are to die is a great one. Claudius has publicly proclaimed that he is a better archer than I, Commodus, am. I am the emperor and the incomparable archer of Rome. Whoever disputes it dies, and his wife with him. It is decreed.

—*Thompson.*

Great and high

The world knows only two; that's Rome and I;
 My roof receives me not; 'tis air I tread,
 And at each step I feel my advanced head
 Knock out a star in heaven.

—*Ben Jonson.*

“O, haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,
 “Though tempests round us gather;
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father.—*Campbell.*”

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :
“ My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign’s will,
To each one whom he lists, howe’er
Unmeet to be the owner’s peer.
My castles are my king’s alone,
From turret to foundation stone,
The hand of Douglas is his own ;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp ! ”

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge. —*Hamlet.*

I am giddy : expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense : what will it be,
When that the watery palate taste indeed
Love’s thrice reputed nectar ? Death, I fear me ;
Swooning destruction ; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers ;
I fear it much ; and I do fear, besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys ;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

For though from out our bourn of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot, face to face,
When I have crossed the bar. —*Tennyson.*

O, Juliet! if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazen it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose. —*Longfellow.*

The diplomat flashed 'crost the scene,
And said, obsequiously: "I salute
Earth's greatest soldier, Prince Eugene!"
"Too soon, my lord! His grace comes late."
The prince replied, and turned away.
—*H. Butterworth.*

"Farewell!" said he. "Minnehaha,
Farewell. O, my Laughing Water,
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you;
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the famine and the fever
Wear the heart and waste the body;
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"—*Longfellow.*

I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost
 All my mirth, foregone all customs of exercises:
 And indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition,
 That this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile
 Promontory: this most excellent canopy, the air,
 Look you this brave, o'erhanging firmament, this
 Majestical roof, fretted with golden fire—why it appears
 No other thing to me than a foul and pestilent
 Congregation of vapors. —*Hamlet.*

Build me straight, O worthy master!
 Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
 That shall laugh at all disaster,
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.
 —*Longfellow.*

I'll go, and in the anguish of my heart,
 Weep o'er my child—if he must die; my life
 Is wrapt up in his, and shall not long survive:
 'Tis for his sake that I have suffered life,
 Groaned in captivity, and outlived Hector.
 Yes, my Astyanax! we will go together;
 Together—to the realms of night—we'll go.

“Come back! come back!” he cries with grief,
 “Across the stormy water,
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter, O my daughter!” —*Campbell.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
 When churchyards yawn, and Hell itself breathes out
 Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
 And do such bitter business as the day
 Would quake to look upon. —*Hamlet.*

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
That, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—*As You Like It.*

O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy. —*Whittier.*

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall:
Some days must be dark and dreary.—*Longfellow.*

O, for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill,
 Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still !
 But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky,
 Never a rise from north to south to rest the weary eye.
 From each to west no river to shine out under the moon,
 Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon ;
 Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out all forlorn,
 Only the rustle, rustle, as I walked among the corn.

—*C. F. Woolson.*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
 I love not man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all that may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

—*Byron.*

And from the crowd beneath, in accents wild,
 A mother screams, " O God ! my child ! my child ! "

—*George M. Baker.*

O, that his too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
 Or, that the Everlasting had not fixed
 His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
 Seem to me all the uses of this world :
 Fie on't ! fie on't ! 'tis an unweeded garden
 That grows to seed : things rank and gross in nature possess
 it merely.

—*Hamlet.*

On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? O, ho! good horse Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, Victory! and the song will never end. Well done! Home—to-morrow under the black tent—home! On, Antares! the tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'Tis done! Ha, ha! The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ha, ha, steady! steady! The work is done—Soho! Soho! —*Lew Wallace.*

With woeful measures, wan Despair
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
 'Twas sad, by fits; by starts, 'twas wild.
 —*Collins.*

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is aweary of the world:
 Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
 Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
 Set in a notebook, learned, and conned by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes!

There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart,
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart;
 Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius. —*Julius Cæsar.*

The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you are not wooed in good time; if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repeating, is a Scotch jig, a measure and a cinque-pace, the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical: the wedding, mannerly, modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave.

—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

I long for shadowy founts, when the birds
 'Twitter and chirp at noon from every tree;
 I long for blossomed leaves and lowing herds;
 And nature's voices say in mystic words:
 "The green fields wait for thee."

When all the sky is draped in black,
 And beaten by tempestuous gales,
 Thy shuddering barque seems all a wrack,
 Then trim again thy tattered sails;
 To grim despair be not a prey:
 Remember, this will pass away.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
 The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
 In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast
 the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
 Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of
 ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest—
Of murderer's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

—*Shakespeare.*

Gone to be married; gone to swear peace!
False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch these provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoken, misheard.
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be! thou dost but say 'tis so;
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word—whether thy tale be true.

—*King John.*

Weary, so weary; O weary of tears;
Weary of heartaches, and weary of fears;
Weary of moaning and weary of pain;
Weary, so weary of hoping in vain.
Weary, so weary—but sometime I'll rest,
Dreamlessly sleeping, hands crossed on my breast;
No more to sorrow, no more to weep,
Only to lie down and quietly sleep.

—*Elizabeth Akers Allen.*

“Now, by the Heavens above me, sirs,
Better we all were dead,
Than a single knight among ye all
Should ride where Lara led!”

—*G. H. Boker.*

We walk not with the jeweled great,
Where love's dear name is sold;
Yet have we wealth we would not give
For all their world of gold.
We revel not in corn and wine,
Yet have we from above
Manna divine, and we'll not pine:
Do we not live and love?

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,
On misery's bosom nursed;
Rich robes for ragged souls, and crowns
For branded brows Cain cursed.
But cherubim with clasping wings,
Ever, about us be,
And happiest of God's happy things,
There's love for you and me.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail:
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song,
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close:
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.
—*Collins.*

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
—*Merchant of Venice.*

All's for the best ! be sanguine and cheerful,
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise ;
Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful,
Courage forever is happy and wise :
All's for the best—if a man would but know it,
Providence wishes us all to be blest ;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
Heaven is gracious, and—all's for the best !

Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
Ye've angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts,
What shall become of me now ? wretched body !
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?
Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friend, no hope, no kindred weep for me !
Almost no grave allowed me. —*Henry VIII.*

There is a voice I shall hear no more ;
There are tones whose music for me is o'er,
Sweet as the odors of spring were they—
Precious and rich—but they died away ;
They came like peace to my heart and ear—
Never again will they murmur here ;
They have gone like the blush of a summer morn.
Like a crimson cloud, through the sunset borne.

Me Miserable ! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?
Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell—
And in the lowest depth, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.—*Milton.*

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius!

Here wast thou bay'd, brave heart,
 Here didst thou fall: and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe..
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.—
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou lie here! —*Julius Cæsar.*

Overcome with wonder, and oppressed with joy:
 This vast profusion of extreme delight,
 Rising at once, and bursting from despair,
 Defies the aid of words, and mocks description.

But must I die here—in my own trap caught?
 Die—die?—and then! O mercy! grant me time—
 Thou who canst save—grant me a little time,
 And I'll redeem the past—undo the evil
 That I have done—make thousands happy with
 This hoarded treasure—do thy will on earth
 As it is done in heaven—grant me but time!—
 Nor God nor man will heed my shrieks! All's lost!

—*Osborne.*

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 To the greenwood haste away;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
 We can show the marks he made,
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
 You shall see him brought to bay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder chant the lay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
 Run a course as well as we;
 Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
 Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk;
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay. —*Scott.*

O, bid the morning stars combine
 To match the chorus clear and fine,
 That rippled lightly down the line—
 A cadence of celestial rhyme,
 The language of that cloudless clime,
 To which their shining hands kept time.
 —*T. B. Read.*

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
 And the dark Plutonian shadows
 Gather on the evening blast;
 Let thine arm, O Queen, enfold me,
 Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
 Listen to the great heart secrets
 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.
 —*W. H. Lytle.*

Why not reform? that's easily said;
 But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,
 That my poor stomach's past reform;
 And there are times when mad with thinking,
 I'd sell out heaven for something warm
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.

—*J. G. Trowbridge.*

My fate cries out,
 And makes each petty artery in this body
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve—
 Still am I called—unhand me, gentlemen—
 I say away—go on, I'll follow thee. —*Hamlet.*

Is there a way to forget to think?
 At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
 A dear girl's love—but I took to drink—
 The same old story: you know how it ends.
 If you could have seen these classic features—
 You needn't laugh, sir, they were not then
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
 I was one of your handsome men.

—*J. G. Trowbridge.*

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
 Make me a child again just for to-night!
 Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
 Take me again to your heart as of yore;
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
 Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair:
 Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
 Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

—*Elizabeth Akers Allen.*

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you !
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed, and faded our faces between,
Yet with strong yearnings and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep.

—*Elizabeth Akers Allen.*

Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.

—*Henry VIII.*

I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son—and he is lost.
I am not mad; I would to heaven I were;
For then 'tis like I should forget myself.
O, if I could, what grief I should forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
That I may be delivered of these woes,
And teach me to kill or hang myself;
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a bale of rags were he.
I am not mad; too well I feel
The diffused plague of each calamity.—*King John.*

I am amazed at the attack which the noble Duke has made on me. Yes, my lords, I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords the language of the noble Duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone.

No one venerates the Peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say that the Peerage solicited me—not I the Peerage. Nay, more—I can say, and will say, that, as a peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honorable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me—as a man—I am, at this moment, as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am as much respected—as the proudest peer I now look down upon!

—*Lord Thurlow.*

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
O, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!

—*Alexander Selkirk.*

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.—*Julius Cæsar.*

Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power:
 thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy,
 and in the greatness of thine excellency thou hast over-
 thrown them that rose up against thee; thou sendest forth
 thy wrath which consumed them as stubble, and with the
 blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together: the
 floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were con-
 gealed in the heart of the sea. —*Bible.*

Go back to her,
 And say that Hagar has a heart as proud,
 If not so cold as hers: and though it breaks,
 It breaks without the sound of sobs, without
 The balm of tears to ease its pain. It breaks—
 It breaks, my lord, like iron, hard, but clean;
 And breaking asks no pity. —*E. P. Nicholson.*

See yonder poor o'er-labored wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil;
 And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful though a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn,
 But, O! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn, —*Burns.*

" Prophet ! " said I, " thing of evil !—
 Prophet still, if bird or devil !
 By that heaven that bends above us,
 By that God we both adore,
 Tell this soul, with sorrow laden,
 If within the distant Aidenn,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden,
 Whom the angels name Lenore;
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden,
 Whom the angels name Lenore ! "
 Quoth the raven, " Nevermore ! "

" Be that word our sign of parting,
 Bird or fiend ! " I shrieked, upstarting—
 " Get thee back into the tempest
 And the night's Plutonian shore.
 Leave no black plume as a token
 Of that lie thy soul hath spoken !
 Leave my loneliness unbroken !—
 Quit the bust above my door !
 Take thy beak from out my heart,
 And take thy form from off my door ! "
 Quoth the raven, " Nevermore ! "—*E. A. Poe.*

O Solitude ! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place !

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone ;
 Never hear the sweet music of speech—
 I start at the sound of my own !

—*Alexander Selkirk.*

O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day! most woeful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day! O woeful day!—*Romeo and Juliet*.

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs;
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out;
With wanton head and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisted all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

“Ha, ha!” laughed the miser: “I’m safe at last,
From this night so cold and drear,
From the drenching rain and the driving blast,
With my gold and treasures here.
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,
And my health is bad, ’tis true;
Yet if I should light that fire again,
It should cost me a cent or two.

“Let me see: let me see!” said the miser then,
“’Tis some sixty years or more
Since the happy hour when I began
To heap up this glittering store;
And well have I sped with my anxious toil,
As my crowded chest will show:
I’ve more than would ransom a kingdom’s spoil,
Or an emperor could bestow.”

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

—*Charles Wolfe.*

O! the long and dreary winter!
O the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest round the village.

—*Longfellow.*

From the heads of kings I've torn the crown,
From the heights of fame, I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
Which has made his future a barren waste.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

And now farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee,
And thy dark sin! O! I could drink the cup,
If, from this woe, its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!

—*Willis.*

There's not a wretch that lives on common charity
But's happier than me. For I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty: every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning,
Yet now must fall like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's withered in the ripening.

O, how our hearts were beating when at the dawn of day
We saw the army of the league, drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
spears,
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our
land,
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand;
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empur-
pled flood,
And good Coligne's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of
war,
To fight for his own Holy Name, and Henry of Navarre.
—*Macaulay.*

They're gone! they're gone! the glimmering spark hath
fled.
The wife and child are numbered with the dead!
On the cold hearth outstretched, in solemn rest,
The child lies frozen on its mother's breast!
The gambler came at last, but all was o'er;
Dead silence reigned around. The clock struck four.
—*Coates.*

Seems, madam ! nay, it is : I know not seems,
 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy suspiration of forced breath;
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
 'Together with all forms, modes, and shows of grief,
 That can denote me truly : these, indeed, seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play;
 But I have that within which passeth show,
 These—but the trappings and the suits of woe.

—*Hamlet.*

But, O ! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung..
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
 The oak-crowned sisters and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green :
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leaped up and seized his beechen spear

—*Collins.*

Though my scarred and veteran legions
 Bear their eagles high no more,
 And my wrecked and scattered galleys
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore :
 Though no glittering guards surround me,
 Prompt to do their master's will,
 I must perish like a Roman,
 Die the great Triumvir still.—*W. H. Lytle.*

There is often sadness in the tone,
 And a moisture in the eye,
 And a trembling sorrow in the voice,
 When we bid a last good-bye;
 But sadder far than this, I wēen,
 O, sadder far than all,
 Is the heart-throb with which we strain
 To catch the last footfall.

With eyes upraised, as one inspirèd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired;
 And, from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound:
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measures stole,
 Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay
 (Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing),
 In hollow murmurs die away. —*Collins.*

Cure her of that:
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
 And with some sweet, oblivious antidote,
 Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
 Which weighs upon the heart? —*Macbeth.*

There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
 Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
 —*King John.*

They strike! hurrah! the fort has surrendered!
 Shout! shout! my warrior boy.
 And wave your cap, and clap your hands for joy.
 Cheer, answer cheer, and bear the cheer about.
 Hurrah! Hurrah! for the fiery fort is ours.
 Victory! Victory! Victory! is the shout.
 Shout, for the fiery fort is ours; and the field,
 And the day are ours!

Alas! my noble boy: that thou shouldst die!
 Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair;
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair:
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
 My proud boy Absalom? —Willis.

O now, forever,
 Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner; and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
 And, O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!—*Othello*.

Banish'd, is banished from the world,
 And world's exile is death: then banish'd
 Is death misterm'd: calling death banishment.
 Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
 And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
 —*Romeo and Juliet*.

My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the furies: I have gnash'd
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then cursed myself at sunset! I have pray'd
For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me!

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body stirs:
Words had no passage, tears no issue found:
For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears:
Confus'd effects each other do confound:
Oppress'd with grief, his passions had no bound:
Striving to tell his woes, words would not come,
For light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb.
—*Daniel*.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen; my crown is called content:
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.
—*Henry VI*.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan:
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?
—*Scott*.

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.
—*Richard II*.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
 But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
 Whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempé's vale her native maids,
 Amid the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay, fantastic round
 (Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound),
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.
—Collins.

There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
 And do a willful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
 As who should say, I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
—Merchant of Venice.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And—when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
 And then he falls as I do.
—Henry VIII.

O, my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The kings shall have my service: but my prayers,
Forever, and forever, shall be yours.—*Henry VIII.*

Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well?
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

Now let Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined! Let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the firstborn Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.

—*Henry IV.*

O Helicanus, strike me, honor'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness.

—*Pericles, Prince of Tyre.*

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
and sear.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie
dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the
jay,

And from the wood top calls the crow through all the
gloomy day. —*Bryant.*

Verily,

I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow. —*Henry VIII.*

Whip me, ye devils,
From the possessions of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! —*Othello.*

My grief lies all within,
And these external manners and laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.
—*Richard II.*

Then England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu:
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.
—*Richard II.*

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me;
 That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me; throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
 Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts.

—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

I remember, I remember
 The house where I was born—
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn.
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day;
 But now I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away.

I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me, and now has left me
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on prince's favors!
 There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer—
 Never to hope again.

—*Henry VIII.*

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mold of form,
The observ'd of all observers: quite, quite down.
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that sovereign and most noble reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

—*Hamlet.*

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monument;
Our stern alarum chang'd to merry meeting.
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war has smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barb'd steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute. —*Richard III.*

Hark to the brazen blare of the bugle!
Hark to the rattling clatter of the drums,
The measured tread of the steel-clad footmen!
Hark to the laboring horses' breath,
Painfully tugging the harnessed cannon;
The shrill, sharp clink of the warriors' swords,
As their chargers bound when the trumpets sound
Their alarums through the echoing mountains.

—*Boker.*

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearls;
The Volcanoes are dim, and the Stars reel and swim,
When the Whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridgelike shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof;
The Mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march.
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the Powers of the air are chained to My chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The Sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

—*Shelley.*

Can it be that she has been living so many months in the cold grave? Would that I could always remember it, or always forget it; but to think a moment on other things, and then feel the remembrance of it come, as if for the first time, rends my heart asunder. O my gracious God, what should I do without thee? But now thou art manifesting thyself as "the God of all consolation." Never was I so near thee. There is nothing in the world for which I could wish to live, except because it may please God to appoint me some work to do. O thou incomprehensibly glorious Savior, what hast thou done to alleviate the sorrows of life!

—*Martyn.*

**EXAMPLES OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE
AFFECTIONS.**

Brutus and Cæsar! What should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together: Yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them: it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them: it is as heavy; conjure with them:
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

—*Julius Cæsar.*

I see the dagger crest of Mars,
 I see the Moray's silver star,
 Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
 That up the lake comes winding far!
 To hero, bound for battle strife,
 Or bard of Martial lay.
 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
 One glance at that array. —*Scott.*

O, that we were on the dark wave together,
 With but one plank between us and destruction,
 That I might grasp him in these desperate arms,
 And plunge with him amid the weltering billows,
 And view him gasp for life.

O, with what pride I used
 To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
 And bless Him that the land was free. 'Twas free—
 From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free—
 Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
 And plow our valleys, without asking leave!
 Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
 In very presence of the regal sun!

—*Sheridan Knowles.*

Bless Jehovah, O my soul! O Jehovah, my God, thou art exalted exceedingly! Thou putt'st on glory and majesty, covering thyself with light, as with a garment. Who spread'st out the heavens like a tent; who lay'st the beams of his chambers on the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariots; who walketh on the wings of the wind; who maketh the winds his messengers; his servants, a consuming fire. —*Bible.*

Hail, Source of being! Universal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; who with a master hand
Hast the great whole into perfection touched.

Hence! loathed Melancholy!
Where brooding darkness spreads her jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian darkness ever dwell.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hand, the strings.
—*Collins.*

“Ha! bind him on his back!
Look!—as Prometheus in my picture here!
Quick—or he faints! stand with the cordial near!
Now bend him to the rack!
Press down the poison'd links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!
So let him writhe!” —*N. P. Willis.*

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men
of mind,

When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's
ware or his word?

Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a
kind

The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have
made them a curse,

Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not his
own;

And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own
hearthstone? —*Tennyson.*

O great Sciolto! O my more than father!

Let me not live, but at thy very name,

My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy,

When I forget the vast debt I owe thee.

Forget—but 'tis impossible, then let me

Forget the use and privilege of reason—

Be banished from the commerce of mankind,

Go wander in the desert, among brutes,

To be the scorn of earth, and the curse of heaven.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of
Youth!

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living
truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's
rule!

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straightened forehead of
the fool! —*Tennyson.*

And, whether we shall meet again, I know not.

Therefore, our everlasting farewell take:

Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;

If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cassius. Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus!

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;

If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

—*Julius Cæsar*

“But, Mr. Speaker, we have a right to tax America.”
O, inestimable right! O, wonderful, transcendent right!
the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money. O, invaluable right! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home! O, right! more dear to us than our existence! which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all.

He established the earth on its foundations; it shall not be removed forever and ever. Thou didst cover it with the floods as with a garment; the waters arose upon the mountains. From thy rebuke they fled, from the roar of thy thunder they hasted away. The mountains rise up; they flow down into the valleys, to the place which thou hast appointed for them. Thou hast established a limit, which they shall not overflow; they shall not again return to cover the earth. He setteth loose the springs in brooks; they flow among the mountains. They give drink to all beasts of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst. Near them the fowls of heaven inhabit; they sing from among the branches.

—*Bible.*

O, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that rightly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

—*Hamlet.*

Live, loathed and long,
 You smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
 You fools of fortune, time flies!
 Cap and knee slaves, vapors, and minute jacks
 Of man and beast—the infinite malady.

I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown—yet 'twas not a crown either, 'twas one of these coronets—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time: he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned and fell down at it.

—*Julius Cæsar.*

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
 One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
 Had stomach for them all.

—*Othello.*

Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord, my God, Thou art ▼ery great; Thou art clothed with honor and majesty; who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heaven like a curtain; who layest the beams of His chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds His chariots; who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever. —*Bible.*

“Turn, turn, thou traitor knight!
Thou bold tongue in a lady’s bower,
Thou dastard in a fight!” —*Boker.*

O villain, villian! His ▼ery opinion in the letter!
Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detestable, brutish villain!
Worse than brutish! Go sirrah, seek him!
I’ll apprehend him. Abominable villain!
Where is he? —*Shakespeare.*

When one of our number is sick or distressed,
He is sure of kind treatment from each of the rest;
We sympathize warmly with those who’re in grief,
And are eager to proffer immediate relief.

Once in a race I stood well front,
And I saw the prize was mine that day,
When a wanderer bade me stop and tell
Of two roads which was the better way.
I gazed on his face; it was wan and worn,
’Twould have pained my heart to say him nay.
I stopped and guided him on his path,
And he blessed me as he turned away.
My race was lost, and my rival won,
But my heart felt better for what I’d done.

O thou eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all notion guide;
 Unchanged through time's all devastating flight!
 Thou only God—there is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Mighty One,
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
 Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,
 Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er;
 Being whom we call God, and know no more!
—Derzhaven.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land!
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand!
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his title, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown;
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from which he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung. —Scott.

May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!
 Ever beloved, and loving may his rule be!
 And when old time shall lead him to his end
 Goodness and he fill up one monument.
—Henry VIII.

Ye gods ! it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.
 Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we, petty men,
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
 To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
—*Julius Cæsar.*

O ! God ! that horrid, horrid dream
 Besets me now awake ;
 Again, again, with dizzy brain,
 The human life I take ;
 And my red right hand grows raging hot,
 Like Cranmer's at the stake,
 And still no peace for the restless clay,
 Will wave or mould allow ;
 The horrid thing pursues my soul—
 It stands before me now. —*Hood.*

“ Hail, Mary ! ” lo, it rings through ages on ;
 “ Hail, Mary ! ” it shall sound till time is done.

“ Hail, Mary ! ” infant lips lisp it to-day ;
 “ Hail, Mary ! ” with faint smile the dying say.
 “ Hail, Mary ! ” many a broken heart with grief,
 In that angelic prayer has found relief.

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
 Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty.
 You fen-sucked fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
 To fall and blast her pride ! —*King Lear.*

They never fail who die
 In a great cause; the block may soak their gore,
 Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
 Be strung to city gates or castle walls—
 But still their spirit walks abroad. The years
 Elapse, and others share as dark a doom.
 They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
 Which overspread all others and conduct
 The world at last to freedom. —*Byron.*

On the Earl's cheek, the flush of rage,
 O'er came the ashen hue of age;
 Fierce he broke forth, "And dar'est thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglass in his hall?
 And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up drawbridge, grooms—What, Warder, ho!
 Let the portecullis fall." —*Scott.*

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed—
 Sad proof of thy distressful state;
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed:
 And now it courted Love; now, raving, called on Hate.
 —*Collins.*

This was the noblest Roman of them all.
 All the conspirators, save only he,
 Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
 He, only, in a general honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle; and the elements
 So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
 —*Julius Cæsar.*

And longer had she sung, but with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien;
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from
his head. —Collins.

If the overthrow of our government is inevitable, let it be so! If civil war, which appears to so much threaten, must come, I can only say, let it be so! If blood be necessary to extinguish any fire I have enkindled, I shall not hesitate to contribute my own! And if I am doomed to fall, I shall at least have the painful consolation to fall as a fragment of the ruins of my country. —Webster.

O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. —Hamlet.

And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud; for he is a god! either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked. —Bible.

It took Rome three hundred years to die; and our death, if we perish, will be as much more terrific as our intelligence and free institutions have given us more bone, sinew, and vitality. May God hide me from the day when the dying agonies of my country shall begin. O, thou beloved land, bound together by the ties of brotherhood, and common interest, and perils! live forever—one and undivided!

—*Brecher.*

Poison be their drink!
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste!
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss!
 And boding screech-owls make their concert full!

Canst thou forgive me all my follies past?
 I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
 Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
 Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,
 Dear as those eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee;
 Peace to thy heart. —*Venice Preserved.*

There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
 That caused emotions, both of rage and fear;
 And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
 Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed farewell.

—*Byron.*

And after these things I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia: Salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God. And again they said, Alleluia. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

—*Bible.*

“Why wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild—
A straw-roofed cabin, with lowly wall;
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of pictures forever streams.

“O! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long, bright hours of the summer day;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o’er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
Lady, kind lady, O, let me go!”

I could have bid you live, had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is to me, that it is to every noble and generous mind. But you, Wretch! you could creep through the world, unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow; you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble minded are betrayed—while nameless and birthless villains tread on the neck of the brave and long descended; you could enjoy yourself like a butcher’s dog in the shambles—fattening on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! this enjoyment you shall not live to partake of; you shall die—base dog, and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun.

—*Scott.*

O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe. —*E. Kellogg.*

I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in him will I trust. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

—*Bible.*

Cursed be that tongue that bids me of comfort,
 Cursed my own tongue that could not move his pity,
 Cursed these weak hands that could not hold him here,
 For he is gone to doom Alphonso's death.

Ask ye what ye should do?
 Would ye seek instruction? Ask ye yon conscious walls.
 Which saw his poisoned brother, saw the crime
 Committed there, and they will cry revenge!
 Ask yonder senate house, whose stones are purple
 With human blood, and it will cry revenge!
 Go to the poor queen who loved him as her son,
 Their unappeased ghosts will shriek revenge!
 The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heaven—
 The gods themselves—will justify the cry,
 And swell the general sound revenge! revenge!

Come, away, away!
 We'll burn his body in the holy place,
 And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
 Take up the body. Go fetch fire.
 Pluck down benches.
 Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

—*Julius Cæsar.*

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,
 The clustered spires of Frederick stand
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd,
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown;
 His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings,
 But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings:
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

On this I ponder,
 Where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee;
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee. —*Francis Mahony.*

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder,
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,
 Did I the tired Cæsar. —*Julius Cæsar.*

I love it! I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell? A mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day
When her eyes grew dim and her locks were gray,
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child:
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,
My idol was shattered, my earth star fled;
I felt how much the heart can bear
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

He which hath no stomach for this fight,
Let him depart: his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convey put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

—*Henry V.*

Lo! I forgive thee, as eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.

—*Tennyson.*

No; I am no emissary. My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country—not in power, not in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? A change of masters? No, but for ambition! —*Robert Emmett.*

He is my bane, I cannot bear him;
 One heaven and earth can never hold us both:
 Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly,
 Keep rage alive till one be lost forever;
 As if two suns should meet in one meridian,
 And strive in fiery combat for the passage.

Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations
 of the earth: and the heavens are the works of thy hands:
 they shall perish, but thou remainest: and they all shall
 wax old as doth a garment: and as a vesture shalt thou
 fold them up, and they shall be changed: but thou art the
 same, and thy years shall not fail.

—*Bible.*

Tell me, I hate the bowl;
 Hate is a feeble word;
 I loathe, abhor; my very soul
 With strong disgust is stirred
 Whene'er I see or hear or tell
 Of the dark beverage of hell!

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
 The Arve and the Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above,
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial black,
 An ebon mass. Methinks thou piercest it
 As with a wedge! But when I look again
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity.

—*Coleridge.*

Thou slave ! thou wretch ! thou coward !
Thou little valiant, great in villainy !
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
Thou fortune's champion, thou dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety ! Thou art perjured, too,
And sooth'st up greatness ! What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and sweat,
Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
Thou wear a lion's hide ? Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

—*King John.*

See, what a grace was seated on this brow ;
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where ev'ry god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.—*Hamlet.*

I had a dream, which was not all a dream ;
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air ;
Morn came and went, and came and brought no day.

—*Byron.*

Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens—whose love I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air—I banish you.
—*Shakespeare.*

How in the name of soldiership and sense
Should England prosper, when such things, so smooth
And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
With odors, and as profligate as sweet;
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight; when such as these
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in prayer,
I worshiped the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought—
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy—
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing, there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.
—*Coleridge.*

Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar;
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. —*Julius Cæsar.*

Hear me, rash man; on thy allegiance hear me;
Since thou hast striven to make us break our vow,
Which nor our nature, nor our place can bear,
We banish thee forever from our sight,
And our kingdom. If when three days are expired,
Thy hated trunk be found in our dominions,
That moment is thy death. Away! —*King Lear.*

O heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no arm on high to shield the brave?
Yet, tho' destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear with her to live—for her to die.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it passed:
So he through learning and through fancy took
His flight sublime; and on the loftiest top
Of fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled, and worn,
As he from the earth had labored up;
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.
Great man! the nations gazed, and wondered much,
And praised: and many called his evil, good.
—*Pollok.*

Satan beheld their flight,
 And to his mates thus, in derision, called :
 “ O friends ! why come not on those visitors proud ?
 Ere while, they fierce were coming, and when we,
 To entertain them fair, with open front, and breast,
 What could we more ? propounded terms
 Of composition strait they changed their minds.
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance ; yet for a dance, they raised
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps for
 Joy of offered peace ; but I suppose,
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We would compel them to quick result.” —*Milton*.

Hark ! the death denouncing trumpet sounds
 The fatal charge, and shouts proclaim the onset.
 Destruction rushes dreadful to the field,
 And bathes itself in blood. Havoc let loose,
 Now undistinguished, rages all around ;
 While ruin, seated on her dreary throne,
 Sees the plain strewed with subjects, truly hers,
 Breathless and cold.

We will be revenged : revenge—about—seek—burn—
 fire—kill—slay—let not a traitor live.—*Julius Cæsar*.

O the depths of the riches, both of the wisdom and
 knowledge of God ! How unsearchable are his judgments,
 and his ways past finding out ! For who hath known the
 mind of the Lord ? or who hath been his counselôr ? Or
 who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed
 unto him again ? For of him, and through him, and to
 him, are all things : to whom be glory forever. Amen.

—*Bible*.

Of all God made upright,
And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
Most fallen, most prone, most earthy, most debased;
Of all that sell Eternity for Time,
None bargain on so easy terms with Death.
Illustrious fool! nay, most inhuman wretch!
He sits among his bags, and, with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drives the poor
Away unalmised, and midst abundance dies,
Sorest of evils! dies of utter want. —*Pollok.*

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, raging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.

—*Julius Cæsar.*

And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;

His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his luster; I did hear him groan,
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried: "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl.

—*Julius Cæsar.*

Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also
of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth.
There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of
his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it. He bowed
the heavens also, and came down: and darkness was under
his feet.

—*Bible.*

Behold, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless obscure!
A silence of horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the horror endure!
Salamander, snake, dragon, vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep, coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

Dark crawled, glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clumped together in masses, mis-shapen and vast;
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms—
Here the dark moving bulk of the hammer fish passed;
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible shark, the hyena of ocean.

There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,
So far from the earth where man's help there was none!
The one human thing, with the goblins before me—
Alone—in a lonesess so ghastly—alone!
Fathoms deep from man's eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the main and the monsters around.

Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
A hundred-limbed creature caught sight of its prey,
And darted, O God! from the far-flaming bough
Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save—King, the danger is o'er!

—*Schiller.*

I saw a man
Deal Death unto his brother. Drop by drop
The poison was distilled for cursed gold;
And in the wine cup's ruddy glow sat Death
Invisible to that poor, trembling slave.

—*Evans Edwards.*

When my eyes turn to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may they not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union: on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent: on a land rent with civil feuds: or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced: its arms and trophies streaming in all their original luster: not a stripe crased or polluted: not a single star obscured: bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, of "Liberty first, and Union afterwards," but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, and blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the heavens, that other sentiment dear to every American heart: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."—*Webster.*

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.—*Bible.*

How like a fawning publican he looks !
 I hate him, for he is a Christian ;
 But more, for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
 If I forgive him. —*Merchant of Venice.*

Why, look around,
 And count, if possible, the pampered numbers,
 Who fatten on the State: they are the men
 Who if they find a man too honorable
 To be a fellow-gleaner of the spoils
 When faction's sickle sweeps the public wealth,
 Lift up their angry voices to the crowd,
 And breathe around their pestilential breath,
 Till Virtue's self is tainted by the touch.

Banish'd ! I thank you for it. It breaks my chain !
 I held some slack allegiance till this hour ;
 But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords :
 I scorn to count what feelings, wither'd hopes,
 Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
 I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
 To leave you in your lazy dignities.
 But here I stand and scoff you ! here I fling
 Hatred and full defiance in your face !
 Your Consul's merciful—for this all thanks
 He dares not touch a hair of Catiline. —*Croly.*

And I, John, saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold! the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

—*Bible.*

With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.
On charitable lists—those trumps which told
The public ear who had, in secret, done
The poor a benefit, and half the alms
They told of took themselves to keep them sounding—
He blazed his name, more pleased to have it there
Than in the book of life.

—*Pollok.*

Ill-guided wretch,
Thou mayst have seen him at the midnight hour—
When good men sleep, and in light-winged dreams
Send up their souls to God—in wasteful hall,
With vigilance and fasting worn to skin
And bone, and wrapt in most debasing rags—
Thou mayst have seen him bending o'er the heaps,
And holding strange communion with his gold;
And as his thievish fancy seems to hear
The nightman's foot approach, starting alarmed,
And in his old, decrepit, withered hand,
That palsy shakes, grasping the yellow earth
To make it sure.

—*Pollok.*

O God! when thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
 With awe the waters of the firmament,
 The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods
 And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
 Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities, who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?

—*Byron.*

A hungry, lean-faced villain,
 A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
 A threadbare juggler, and a "Fortune-teller,"
 A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man—this pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
 And gazed in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 'twere outfacing me,
 Cried out—I was possessed! —*Shakespeare.*

Yes, my friends, Death has been among us! He has not entered the humble cottage of some unknown, ignoble peasant; he has knocked audibly at the palace of a nation. His footstep has been heard in the halls of State. He has cloven down his victim in the midst of the councils of a people. He has borne in triumph from among you the gravest, wisest, most reverend head. Ah! he has taken him as a trophy who was once chief over many statesmen, adorned with virtue and learning and truth; he has borne at his chariot wheels a renowned one of the earth.

Hail! holy Light, offspring of Heaven firstborn,
Or of the eternal, coeternal beam.
May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light,
And never put in unapproached light,
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou, rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.—*Milton*.

I loathe ye in my bosom,
I scorn ye with mine eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And I'll fight ye till I die!
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter
Till I sink beneath its wave.—*G. W. Patten*.

What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the order of your affairs,
To sing them, too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.—*The Winter's Tale*.

O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among his people. Sing unto him; sing psalms unto him; talk ye of all his wondrous works. Glory ye in his holy name; let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Remember his marvelous works that he hath done; his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth. —*Bible.*

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish. —*Julius Cæsar.*

I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dreamed so), certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire. —*Henry VIII.*

He was a man

Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes: one that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He would say untruths: and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never
(But where he meant to ruin) pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example. —*Henry VIII.*

Nephew. A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!

Scrooge. Bah! humbug!

Neph. Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure.

Scrooge. I do. Out upon "Merry Christmas!" If I had my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

Neph. Uncle!

Scrooge. Nephew, keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.

Neph. Keep it? But you don't keep it!

Scrooge. Let me leave it alone, then! Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!

Neph. I am sure I have always thought of Christmas as a good time—a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; and therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!

—*Dickens.*

Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oak; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

—*Julius Cæsar.*

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view—
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
 And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew!

—*Wordsworth.*

Praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord from the heavens:

Praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels:

Praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon:

Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,

And ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord:

For he commanded, and they were created:

He hath also established them forever and ever:

He hath made a decree which shall not pass.—*Bible.*

There is an old man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,
 Oppress'd with two great evils, age and hunger,
 I will not touch a bit. —*As You Like It.*

I know them, yea,
 And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
 Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
 That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
 Go antiely, and show an outward hideousness,
 And speak half a dozen dangerous words,
 How they might hurt their enemies if they durst:
 And this is all. —*Much Ado About Nothing.*

And wast thou fain, poor father,
 To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
 In short and musty straw? Alack! Alack!
 'Tis wonder, that thy life, and wits, at once
 Had not concluded all. —*King Lear.*

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
 And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heaven,
 Cut short all intermission; front to front,
 Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
 Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,
 Heaven forgive him too. —*Macbeth.*

'Tis such as you,
 That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
 At each his needless heavings—such as you
 Nourish the cause of his awakings: I
 Do come with words as med'cinal as true,
 Honest, as either: to purge him of that humor
 That presses him from sleep. —*The Winter's Tale.*

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish her election,
 She had sealed thee for herself: for thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd are those
 Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
 That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee. —*Hamlet.*

“Curse on him!” quoth false Sextus;
 “Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day,
 We should have sacked the town!”

“Heaven help him!” quoth Lars Porsena,
 “And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.” —*Macaulay.*

He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
 That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
 About his neck, yet never lost her luster;
 Of her, that loves him with that excellence
 That angels love good men with; even of her
 That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
 Will bless the king. —*Henry VIII.*

You souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
 All hurt behind: backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
 Or, by fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you. Look to 't.—*Coriolanus.*

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
 Thy friends suspect for traitors whilst thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends.
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils.

—*Richard III.*

I have five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
 Which I did store to be my foster nurse,
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown;
 Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrows,
 Be comfort to mine age. —*As You Like It.*

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
 While Glo'ster bears this base and humble mind.
 Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
 I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks.
 —*Henry VI.*

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
 Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
 The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
 The bell's deep tones are swelling, 'tis the knell
 Of the departed year. —*G. D. Prentice.*

O thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee!
 The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown;
 And he who has but tears to give
 Must weep those tears alone;
 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe. —*Moore.*

A mingled and thunder-like rushing filled my ears. I could see nothing, except when the wind made a chasm in the spray, and then tremendous cataracts seemed to encompass me on every side; while, below, a raging, foaming gulf of undiscoverable extent lashed the rocks with its hissing waves, and swallowed, under a horrible obscurity, the smoking floods that were precipitated into its bosom.

—*Howison.*

If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof; if I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering; if his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep; if I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate: then let mine arm fall from my shoulder blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone.

—*Addison.*

I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through—
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

—*Whittier.*

I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's
name,
Be it upon the mountain side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by armed men,
Face him as thou wouldst face the man who wronged thy
sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff
down.

—*Aytoun.*

A plague upon them ! wherefore should I curse them ?
 Would curses kill as doth the mandrake's groan,
 I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
 As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Delivered strongly through my fixed teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave :
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words ;
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
 My hair be fixed on end, as one distract ;
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :
 And even now my burdened heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste !
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees !
 Their chieftest prospects, murd'ring basilisks !
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings !
 Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss ;
 And boiling screech owls make the concert full !

—*Henry VI.*

Speak gently of the erring. O, do not thou forget,
 However darkly stained by sin, he is thy brother yet :
 Heir of the selfsame heritage, child of the selfsame God,
 He hath but stumbled in the path thou hast in weakness
 trod.

—*F. G. Lee.*

And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee. —*E. A. Poe.*

“Go! bring your threatened tortures! The woes I see impending over this fated city will be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve should tingle with its agony. I die. But mine shall be the triumph; yours, the untold desolation. For every drop of blood that falls from my veins, your own shall pour in torrents. Woe unto thee, O Carthage! I see thy homes and temples all in flames, thy citizens in terror, thy women wailing for the dead! Proud city, thou art doomed! The curse of Jove, a living, lasting curse, is on thee! The hungry waves shall lick the golden gates of thy rich palaces, and every brook run crimson to the sea. Rome, with bloody hands, shall sweep thy heartstrings, and all thy homes shall howl in wild response of anguish to her touch. Proud mistress of the seas, disrobed, uncrowned, and scourged, thus again do I devote thee to the infernal gods! . . . Now bring forth your tortures! Slaves, while ye tear this quivering flesh, remember how often Regulus has beaten your armies and humbled your pride. Cut as he would have carved you! Burn deep as his curse!”

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. . . . When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet. . . . O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

—Bible.

Goneril. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;

Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;

Beyond what can be valued, rich, or rare;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;

As much as child e'er loved, a father found;

A love that makes breath poor and speech unable;

Beyond all-manner of so much I love you.—*King Lear.*

Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,

In rayless majesty now stretches forth

Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world.

Silence, how deep! and darkness, how profound!

Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;

Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse

Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,

An awful pause, prophetic of her end.

I rejoiced not at the destruction of him that hated me, nor lifted up myself when evil found him; neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul. The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveler. If my land cry against me, and the furrows thereof complain; if I have eaten the fruits thereof with money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life: let grow thistles instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.

—*Addison.*

**EXAMPLES OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE
SENTIMENTS.**

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred, now trampled on! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture, and put to an infamous death a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, the tears of pitying spectators, the majesty of the Roman Commonwealth, nor the fear of justice of his country, restrain the merciless monster, who, in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the very root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance? And shall this man escape? Fathers, it must not be! It must not be, unless you would undermine the very foundations of social safety, strangle justice, and call down anarchy, massacre, and ruin on the Commonwealth!

—*Cicero.*

O dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And e'en as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line.

—*Macaulay.*

What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

—*Julius Cæsar.*

I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of the white man." I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relatives of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace: but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.

—*Speech of Logan, Chief of the Mingoes (Jefferson).*

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh,"
Take thou thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But in the cutting of it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice. —*Merchant of Venice.*

Thou dost belie him, Percy,
Thou dost belie him,
He never did encounter with Glendower;
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

—*King Richard II.*

Seignor Antonio, many a time, and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my moneys, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You called me misbeliever, cut throat, dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine;
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
“Shylock, we would have moneys.” You say so,
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold. Moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
“Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?” or,
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this,
“Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last,
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies,
I’ll lend you thus much moneys?”

—*Merchant of Venice.*

O, my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can live undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath looked upon my passes; then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be my own confession;
Is all the grace I beg.

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted; whose properties he has destroyed; whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

—*Burk.*

Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not to walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

—*Julius Cæsar.*

Father, whose mighty power
Shields us through life's short hour,

To thee we pray: Bless us and keep us free;
All that is past forgive,
Teach us henceforth to live,

That through our country we may honor Thee;
And when this mortal life shall cease,
Take Thou at last our souls to Thine eternal peace.

—*Marion Crawford.*

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as besee'm'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight;
For surer sign had followed, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear. and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."
—*Tennyson.*

Woe for those who trample o'er a mind!
A deathless thing. They know not what they do,
Or what they deal with! Man, perchance, may bind
The flower his step hath bruised;
Or light anew the torch he quenches;
But for his soul, O! tremble, and beware,
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there!

Join with some foe that dares assault our throne;
With Ryons or with Mark who hunger still
For open war. Ay, league thyself with them
And in that hour the hand that falters now
In England's cause shall find its force again
And shake thee to the earth. Till then live on!
—*Tennyson.*

"O spare my child, my joy, my pride;
O give me back my child!" she cried:
"My child! my child!" with sobs and tears.
She shrieked upon his callous ears.
—*Mackey.*

An opinion has long prevailed, Fathers, that, in public prosecutions, men of wealth, however clearly convicted, are always safe. This opinion, so injurious to your order, so detrimental to the state, it is now in your power to refute. A man is on trial before you who is rich, and who hopes his riches will compass his acquittal, but whose life and actions are his sufficient condemnation in the eyes of all candid men. I speak of Caius Verres, and if he now receive not the sentence his crimes deserve, it shall not be through the lack of a criminal or a prosecutor, but through the failure of the ministers of justice to do their duty. —*Cicero.*

To beguile the time

Look like the time: bear welcome in your eye, your
hand,

Your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. —*Macbeth.*

Worcester! get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant's brow;
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

—*Shakespeare.*

You're invited to the garden: there's a good time there at
seven,

And a place beside the apple tree has been reserved for you.
There'll be matings there, and marriages of every flower
and blossom;

Cross the brook behind the arbor, and come early if you
can.

—*Byers.*

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against these charges? Art thou not the tyrant prætor, who, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, dared to put to an infamous death, on the cross, that ill-fated and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Casanus? And what was his offense? He had declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against your brutal persecutions! For this, when about to embark for home, he was seized, brought before you, charged with being a spy, scourged and tortured. In vain did he exclaim: "I am a Roman citizen! I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and who will attest my innocence!" Deaf to all remonstrance, remorseless, thirsting for innocent blood, you ordered the savage punishment to be afflicted! While the sacred words, "I am a Roman citizen!" were on his lips—words which, in the remotest regions, are a passport to protection—you ordered him to death, to a death upon the cross.

—*Cicero.*

Is there for honest poverty
 Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by;
 And dare be poor for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
 The man's the gowd for a' that.—*Burns.*

Henceforth let no man trust the first false step
 To guilt. It hangs upon a precipice,
 Whose deep descent in fast perdition ends,
 How far am I plunged down, beyond all thought,
 Which I this evening framed!

He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff!
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man!
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man!—*Julius Cæsar.*

Whither shall I turn? wretch that I am! To what place
shall I betake myself? Shall I go to the Capitol? Alas!
it is stained with my brother's blood! Or shall I return to
my home? There I behold my mother weeping, plunged
in misery and despair.

Friends, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it!
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man!
So are they all! all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.—*Julius Cæsar.*

Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee. —*Bible.*

Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best;
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot till my guilty soul be shriven.

—*Longfellow.*

When we hear the description of the paroxysm fever and delirium into which despair had thrown the natives, when on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for breath, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution, and, while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to heaven, breathing their last fervent prayer, that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country, will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of these Begums in their secluded Zenana!

—*Impeachment of Warren Hastings (Sheridan).*

It is too late to die!

Ay, would Death's marble finger had been laid
On those sweet lips when first they hallowed mine:
For locked in Death's white arms Love lies secure,
In thoughtless sleep that knows no dream of change.
'Tis Life, not Death, that is Love's sepulcher;
Where each day tells of passionate hearts grown strange,
And perjured vows chime with the answering bell
That tolls Love's funeral. —*Tennyson.*

Priuli. My daughter!

Belvidera. Yes, your daughter, by a mother
Virtuous and noble, faithful to your honor,
Obedient to your will, kind to your wishes,
Dear to your arms. By all the joy she gave you
When in her blooming years she was your treasure,
Look kindly on me: in my face behold
The lineaments of hers ye have kissed so often,
Pleading the cause of her poor lost child.

—*Venice Preserved.*

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! . . . for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity. . . . Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?

—*Bible.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him: as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition.

—*Julius Cæsar.*

O men with sisters dear!

O men with mothers and wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,

But human creature's lives!

Stitch—stitch—stitch,

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

Sewing at once, with a double thread,

A shroud as well as a shirt! —*Hood.*

Run, John! run, John! there's another dun, John;

If it's Prodger, bid him call to-morrow week at one, John;

If he says he saw me at the window, as he knocked, John,

Make a face, and shake your head, and tell him you are shocked, John;

Take your pocket handkerchief, and put it to your eye, John;

Say your master's not the man to bid you tell a lie, John.

Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! . . .

Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry: "Hold, hold!" —*Macbeth.*

O, Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
—*Henry VIII.*

Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man;
Done you more wrong; we both have undergone
That trouble which has left me thrice your own:
Henceforth I will rather die than doubt.

And here I lay this penance on myself,
Not, tho' mine own ears heard you yester morn—
You thought me sleeping, but I heard you say,
I heard you say that you were no true wife:
I swear I will not ask your meaning in it;
I do not believe yourself against yourself,
And will henceforth rather die than doubt.

—*Tennyson.*

Passing over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does the prætorship of Verres exhibit but one continued scene of villainies? The public treasure squandered, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people trampled upon! But his prætorship in Sicily has crowned his career of wickedness and completed the lasting monument of his infamy. His decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. His extortions from the industrious poor have been beyond computation. Our most faithful allies have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. Men the most worthy have been condemned and banished without a hearing, while the most atrocious criminals have, with money, purchased exemption from the punishment due to their guilt. —*Cicero.*

Let me be branded for the public scorn,
Turned forth, and driven to wander like a vagabond,
Be friendless and forsaken, seek my bread
Upon the barren wild and desolate waste,
Feed on my sighs and drink my falling tears,
Ere I consent to teach my lips injustice,
Or wrong the orphan who has none to save him.

—*Jane Shore.*

Consummate Horror! guilt beyond a name!
Dare not my soul repent. In thee, repentance
Were second guilt, and 'twere blaspheming heaven
To hope for mercy. My pain can only cease
When gods want power to punish. Ha! the dawn!
Rise never more, O sun! let night prevail.
Eternal darkness close the world's wide scene:
And hide me from myself,

Have thou respect unto the prayer of thy servant, and to his supplication, O Lord my God, to hearken unto the cry and to the prayer which thy servant prayeth before thee this day: that thine eyes may be opened toward this house night and day, even toward the place of which thou hast said, My name shall be there. . . . And hearken thou to the supplication of thy servant, and of thy people Israel, when they shall pray toward this place; yea, hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place: and when thou hearest, forgive.

—*Bible.*

Seest thou the man!

A serpent with an angel's voice! a grave
With flowers bestrewed! and yet few were deceived,
His virtue, being overdone, his face
Too grave, his prayers too long, his charities
Too pompously attended, and his speech
Lauded too frequently, and out of time,
With serious phraseology, were rents
That in his garments opened in spite of him,
Thro' which the well-accustomed eye could see
The rottenness of his heart. —*Pollok.*

O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven!
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't—
A brother's murder. Pray, alas! I cannot,
Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand and pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? —*Hamlet.*

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Enough. I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee.
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.

—*King John.*

In the course of all this proceeding your lordships will not fail to observe he is never corrupt, but he is cruel; he never dines with comfort, but where he is sure to create a famine. He never robs from the loose superfluity of greatness; he devours the fallen, the indigent, the necessitous. His exhortation is not like the generous rapacity of the princely eagle who snatches away the living, struggling prey; he is a vulture who feeds upon the prostrate, the dying, and the dead. As his cruelty is more shocking than his corruption, so his hypocrisy has something more frightful than his cruelty. For whilst his bloody and rapacious hand signs proscriptions and sweeps away the food of the widow and the orphan, his eyes overflow with tears, and he converts the healing balm that bleeds from wounded humanity into a rancorous and deadly poison to the race of man.

—*Burke.*

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs.

—*King John.*

Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be; since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned and retain the offense?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but it is not so above.—*Hamlet.*

O, for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim—
With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead Sea fruits that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips. —*Scott.*

But when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants. —*Bible.*

I little thought, when first this rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That cost thy life, my gallant gray!—*Scott.*

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
 There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
 For I am armed so strong in honesty
 That they pass by me as the idle wind,
 Which I respect not. I did send to you
 For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
 For I can raise no money by vile means;
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
 By any indirection.

I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
 Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts:
 Dash him to pieces! —*Julius Cæsar.*

Let mischief multiply! let every hour
 Of my loathed life yield me increase of horror!
 O, let the sun to these unhappy eyes
 Ne'er shine again, but be eclipsed forever!
 May everything I look on seem a prodigy,
 To fill my soul with terror, till I quite
 Forget I ever had humanity,
 And grow a curser of the works of nature!

I have been to blame—to blame! I have killed my son!
 I have killed him: but I loved him—my dear son!
 May God forgive me! I have been to blame.

—*Tennyson.*

If thou wouldst loast
 Of this new sway a woman's wile hath won,
 Go tell the world thy heart hath slain a heart
 That once had been a king's. Yet that's not all:
 Thou, too, hath been a queen whose soul shone clear,
 A star for all men's worship, and a lamp
 Set high in heaven, whereby all hearts
 Should steer their course toward God: then 'tis not I
 Whose life lies broken here, for at my fall
 A shattered kingdom bleeds. —*Tennyson.*

The right honorable gentleman hath called me “an unimpeached traitor.” I ask, why not “traitor,” unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him: it was because he durst not! It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow! I will not call him “villain,” because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councilor; I will not call him “fool,” because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; but I say he is one who has abused the privilege of the Parliament and freedom of debate by the uttering of language which, if spoken out of the House, I would answer only with a blow. —*H. Grattan.*

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
 Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
 But when her humorous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety; thou art perjur'd, too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear
 Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave!
 —*Shakespeare.*

Octavius, I have seen more days than you ;
 And though we lay these honors on this man
 To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
 He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold—
 To groan and sweat under the business,
 Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
 And having brought our treasure where we will,
 Then take we down his load, and turn him off.
 Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
 And graze in commons. —*Julius Cæsar.*

What ! are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes
 To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
 Upon the unnumber'd beach ; and can we not
 Partition make, with spectacles so precious,
 'Twixt fair and foul ? —*Cymbeline.*

If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
 And I will look on death indifferently :
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honor more than I fear death.
 —*Julius Cæsar.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures. —*Julius Cæsar.*

It is a great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To 'reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wrong the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

—*Henry VI.*

O, serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honorable villain!
O, nature! what had'st thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace! —*Shakespeare.*

If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay, more, while grace is saying, hide mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, Amen:
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
—*Shakespeare.*

In following him, I follow but myself;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love or duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after,
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
 For daws to peck it. I am not what I am.

—*Othello*.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is spotless reputation; that away,
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
 A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up chest
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
 Mine honor is my life; both grow in one;
 Take honor from me, and my life is done.

—*Richard II.*

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich;
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
 What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye?

—*Taming of the Shrew*.

By Jove! I am not covetous of gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
 But, if it be a sin to covet honor,
 I am the most offending soul alive. —*Henry V.*

Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as the thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours. —*Henry VIII.*

Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
—*Richard III.*

And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.
—*Richard III.*

Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. —*Othello.*

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry content to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions. —*Henry VI.*

**EXAMPLES OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE
INTELLECT.**

Mr. President, when the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause of the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence, and before we float farther on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we are now. I ask for the reading of the resolution before the Senate.

—*Webster.*

He who ascends to the mountain tops shall find
Their loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Tho' far above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head.

—*Byron.*

Where is the way where light dwelleth?
And as for darkness, where is the place thereof,
That thou shouldst take it to the bound thereof,
And that thou shouldst know the paths to the house
thereof,
Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born?
Or because the number of thy days is great?

—*Bible.*

Europe was one great battlefield, where the weak struggled for freedom and the strong for dominion. The king was without power, and the nobles without principle. They were tyrants at home, and robbers abroad.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,

When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.
—*Byron.*

My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : would the night were come !
Till then sit still, my soul : foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
—*Hamlet.*

How often, O, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky.
—*Longfellow.*

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or on the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the invisible ! even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.
—*Byron.*

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!

—Addison.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. 'There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. —*Macbeth.*

By what way is the light parted,
Which scattereth the east wind upon the earth?
Who hath divided a water course for the overflowing of
waters,
Or a way for the lightning of thunder;
To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is;
On the wilderness, wherein there is no man;
To satisfy the desolate and waste ground;
And to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth?
—*Bible.*

Ah! my sight grows dim—darkness surrounds me, and
amid the gloom, tall spectres advance to meet me, and
trunkless heads fall at my feet.

O artists who work with pencil or pen,
With chisel or brush, for the praise of men,
When you fold your hands at the twilight's close,
And muse in your darkened studios,
Do you never consider, once for all,
How that other and deeper night must fall,
When the earth and things thereof shall be
Lost, like a dream in eternity?

When, shrinking and startled, with soul laid bare,
The creature shall meet the Creator there,
And learn at the foot of the great white throne
A truth which should never have been unknown:
That nothing avails us under the sun,
In word, or in work, save that which is done
For the honor and glory of God alone?

I cannot hide that some have striven,
Achieving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with heaven.

Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream.—*Tennyson.*

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war—

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

—*Byron.*

Give thy thoughts no tongue
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
 Bear 't, that th' opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all—to thine own self be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man. —*Hamlet.*

'Tis agreed that in all governments there is an absolute and unlimited power, which naturally and originally seems to be placed in the whole body wherever the executive part of it lies. This holds in the body natural; whether from the head, or the heart, or the animal spirits in general, the body moves and acts by consent of all its parts. —*Swift.*

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth? —*Bible.*

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their soul:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. —*Othello.*

“Say to the Grand Master,” replied Rebecca, “that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield me as justly condemned, lest I become guilty of my own blood. Say to him that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man’s extremity, will raise me up a deliverer; and when such uttermost space is passed, may his holy will be done.” —*Scott.*

Seer. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown,
Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down!
—*Thomas Campbell.*

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the
earth?
Declare, if thou hast understanding.
Who determined the measures thereof, if thou knowest?
Or who stretched the line upon it?
Whereupon were the foundations thereof fastened?
Or who laid the corner stone thereof,
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy? —*Bible.*

And the knights and the squires that gathered around
 Stood silent, and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
 They looked on the dismal and savage profound,
 And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
 And thrice spake the monarch: "The cup to win,
 Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king,
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing, but gentle,
Mid the tremulous squires, stepped out of the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker. Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again—
Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore.
And, behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main,
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant mouth closed o'er the swimmer so bold.
—Schiller.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition !
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker hope to win by it ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee.
Corruption wins not more than honesty ;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. . Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! —*Henry VIII.*

Soldiers, you are now within a few steps of the enemy's outposts. Our scouts report them as slumbering in parties around their watch fires and utterly unprepared for our approach. A swift and noiseless advance around that projecting rock, and we are upon them. We capture them without the possibility of resistance. Forward!

Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in the clouds their snow scalps
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche, the thunderbolt of snow—
All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
Gathers around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man
below.

Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?
The glory of his nostrils is terrible.
He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength;
He goeth to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted;
Neither turneth he back from the sword.
The quiver rattleth against him,
The glittering spear and the shield.
He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage;
Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.
He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha;
And he smelleth the battle afar off,
The thunder of the captains, and the shouting.—*Bible.*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead !
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage :
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock.
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide ;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, ye noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war proof !
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war !

And you, good yoemen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding ; which I doubt not ;
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot :
Follow your spirits ; and, upon this charge,
Cry : God for Harry, England, and Saint George !

—Henry V.

As chief who hears his warder call,
 "To arms! the foemen storm the wall!"
 The antlered monarch of the waste
 Sprang from his heathery couch in haste,
 But, ere his fleet career he took,
 The dewdrops from his flanks he shook;
 Like crested leader proud and high,
 Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
 A moment gazed adown the dale,
 A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
 A moment listened to the cry
 That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
 Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
 With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
 And, stretching forward free and far,
 Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var. —*Scott.*

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

—*Bible.*

If it were done when 'tis done,
 Then 'twere well it were done quickly;
 If the assassination could trammel up the consequence and catch with his surcease success;
 That but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come. —*Macbeth.*

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason!
 How infinite in faculty! In form and moving, how ex-
 press and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In
 apprehension, how like a god! The beauty of the world!
 The paragon of animals! —*Hamlet.*

Let me have men about me that are fat;
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
 Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look:
 He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
 Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
 Yet if my name were liable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid
 So soon as that spare Cassius.

He reads much;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
 As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
 Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
 And therefore are they very dangerous.

—*Julius Cæsar.*

A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
 A pathless comet and a curse,
 The menace of the universe;
 Still rolling on with innate force,
 Without a sphere, without a course,
 A bright deformity on high,
 The monster of the upper sky. —*Martyn.*

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river, and hill, and shore;
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
 To the better shore of the spirit land;
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The angel of death shall carry me.

—*Nancy Priest Wakefield.*

Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes
 Error a fault and truth discourtesy.
 Why should I feel another man's mistakes
 More than his sickness or his poverty?
 In love I should; but anger is not love,
 Nor wisdom, either; therefore gently move.

Stand back, Lord Salisbury; stand back, I say!
 By heaven, I think my sword as sharp as yours!
 I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defense,
 Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
 Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

—*King John.*

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels call;
 It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over
 all;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
 And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.

—*Tennyson.*

The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters,
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's
sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of
death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine
enemies,
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of
my life,
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.—*Bible.*

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold,
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet,
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked. She was sitting there
In a dim box over the stage, and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full, soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With that jasmine in her breast. —*Meredith.*

Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace, where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
Redeem my pennon, charge again,
Cry, "Marmion to the rescue!" Vain!
To Dacre bear my signet ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.

Let Stanley charge, with spur of fire,
With Chester charge and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost!
Must I bid twice? hence, varlets, fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die! —*Scott.*

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect. —*Bible.*

Men look with evil eye upon the good that is in others, and think that their reputation obscures them, and that their commendable qualities do stand in their light; and, therefore, they do what they can to cast a cloud over them, that the bright shining of their virtues may not obscure them. —*Tillotson.*

When now gathered on either side, the hosts plunged together in fight; shield is harshly laid to shield; spears crash on the brazen corselets; bossy buckler with buckler meets; loud tumult rages over all; groans are mixed with exulting shouts of men; the slain and slayer join their cries; the earth is floating around with blood. As when two rushing streams from two mountains come roaring down, and throw together their rapid waters below, they roar along the gulfy vale. So as they mixed in fight, from both armies clamor with loud terror rose.

—*Homer.*

To be, or not to be—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die, to sleep;
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.

To die, to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveler returns—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action. —*Hamlet.*

Impose upon me whatever hardships you please; give me nothing but the bread of sorrow to eat; take from me the friend in whom I had placed my confidence; lay me in the cold hut of poverty and on the thorny bed of disease; set before me death in all its terrors; do all this, only let me trust in my Savior, and I will fear no evil; I will rise superior to my afflictions; I will rejoice in my tribulation.

How like a mounting devil in the heart
 Rules the unreigned ambition! Let it once
 But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
 Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
 And enthrones peace forever. —*N. P. Willis.*

Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within and that temptation be without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge. —*Merchant of Venice.*

O, where is the knight or the squire so bold
As to dive to the howling Charybdis below?
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow.
Whoever to me may the goblet bring
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king.
And where is the driver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below? —*Schiller.*

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! . . . They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!
—*Bible.*

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

O, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood.
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood!

But hark! through the fast flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
O, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!

—*T. Campbell.*

Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life—

Some hidden principle to move,
To put together, part and prove,
And meet the bounds of hate and love—

As far as might be to carve out,
Free space from every human doubt,
That the whole mind might orb about—

To search thro' all I felt or saw,
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law.

—*Tennyson.*

So, as I sat upon Appledore

In the calm of a closing summer day
And the broken lines of Hampton shore
In purple mist of cloudland lay,
The Rivermouth rocks their story told;
And waves aglow with sunset gold,
Rising and breaking in steady chime,
Beat the rhythm and kept the time.

—*Whittier.*

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. . . . O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth. . . . For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth; he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

—*Bible.*

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,

Far flashed the red artillery. —*Campbell.*

Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.

—*Bible.*

I have seen the silly rounds of business and of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low; whereas, those that have not experienced, always overrate them. They always see their gay outside, and are dazzled at the glare.

—*Chesterfield.*

Should you see afar off that worth winning,
Set out on a journey with trust,
And ne'er heed, though your path at beginning
Should be among brambles and dust.
Though it is by footsteps ye do it,
And hardships may hinder and stay,
Keep a heart and be sure you go through it,
For "where there's a will there's a way."

—*Eliza Cook.*

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider the rival wits placed side by side or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions of actions and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs of some that died yesterday and some one hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together.

—*Addison.*

And it bubbles and seethes and it hisses and roars,
 As when fire is with water commixed and contending,
 And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up soars,
 And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending,
 And, as with the swell of the far thunder boom,
 Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

—*Schiller.*

Tell me, ye wingèd winds
 That round my pathway roar,
 Do you not know some spot
 Where mortals weep no more—
 Some lone and pleasant dell,
 Some valley in the west,
 Where, free from toil and pain,
 The weary soul may rest?
 The loud wind softened to a whisper low
 And sighed for pity as it answered, “No!”

Tell me, thou deep,
 Whose billows round me play,
 Know'st thou some favored spot,
 Some island far away,
 Where weary man may find
 The bliss for which he sighs,
 Where sorrow never lives
 And friendship never dies?
 The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
 —*Charles Mackay.*

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?
 —*Gray.*

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of paradise.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense,
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of paradise.—*T. B. Read.*

Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past—
All in one mighty sepulcher, —*Bryant.*

“Oho!” she muttered; “ye’re brave to-day!”
But I hear the little waves laugh and say:
“The broth will be cold that waits at home;
For it’s one to go, but another to come.”

—*Whittier.*

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—*Bryant.*

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well, Horatio—a fellow
of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne
me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred
in my imagination is this skull! My gorge rises at it.
Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how
oft. Where are your gibes now, your gambols, your songs,
your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table
in a roar? Not one now to mock your grinning, quite
chopfallen. Now get to my lady’s chamber and tell her;
and if she paint an inch thick, yet to this favor will she
come at last.

—*Hamlet.*

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,
while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when
thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun,
or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor
the clouds return after the rain.

—*Bible.*

I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

Rise, fathers; rise! 'Tis Rome demands your help.
Rise and revenge her slaughtered citizens
Or share their fate. The slain of half her Senate
Enrich the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here deliberating in cold debates
If we should sacrifice our lives to honor
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! Our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds and cry aloud: "To battle!"

Was I born for this? Will the old folks know?

I can see them now on the old home place.
His gait is feeble, his step is slow;
There's a settled grief in his furrowed face;
While she goes wearily groping about
In a sort of dream, so bent, so sad.
But this won't do; I must sing and shout
And forget myself or else go mad.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

—*Tennyson.*

Would you, then, learn to dissipate the band
Of these huge, threatening difficulties dire
That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
His soul appall, and damp his rising fire?
Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire;
Exert that noblest privilege, alone
Here to mankind indulged: control desire;
Let godlike Reason from her sovereign throne
Speak the commanding word, "I will!" and it is done.
—*Thomson.*

Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained.
Dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered with the lash. —*Mitford.*

I can almost see to the land of light,
But there's a mist before my eyes.
The path, I know, stretches out before;
But I can't see where it lies,
For there is a valley that lies between
And a shadow as dark as night
That sends up its gloom from a loved one's tomb
And a dimness on my sight.

But there's some one stands on the golden sands
And lifts up the nebulous bars,
Throwing back the door to the shining shore,
And there's light beyond the stars;
And the flashes bright that fall on my sight
Seem to scatter the night away;
And I know, I know where I shall go
At the close of some weary day.

I can almost see through to the land of light ;
But, somehow, something will rise
From the depths of the soul that I cannot control,
That keeps dimming and blinding my eyes.
You may think it is fears, you may say it is tears
That dims the visual ray ;
But the soul lies too deep for me to weep,
And why should I feel dismay ?

Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress trees together
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In that crimson evening weather.

I thought of our little quarrels and strifes
And the letter that brought me back my ring,
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing. —*Meredith.*

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings ; yet the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep. The dead reign there alone.
—*Bryant.*

“Young men, ahoy!”

“What is it?”

“Beware, beware! The rapids are below you!

See how fast you pass that point!

Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard!

Quick, quick, quick! Pull for your lives!”

—*Gough.*

Revolutions sweep

O'er earth like troubled visions o'er the breast

Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink

Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles

Spring blazing from the ocean and go back

To their mysterious cavern; mountains rear

To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs and bow

Their tall heads to the plain;

New empires rise,

Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,

And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,

Startling the nations; and the very stars,

Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,

Glitter a while in their eternal depths,

And, like Pleiades, loveliest of their train,

Shoot from their glorious spheres, pass away

To darkle in the trackless void. —*Prentice.*

The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,

As lightly and as free;

Ten thousand stars were in the sky,

Ten thousand in the sea;

For every wave with dimpled cheek

That leaped upon the air

Had caught a star in its embrace,

And held it trembling there.

Now storming fury rose,
And clamor such as heard in heaven till now
Was never. Arms in armor clashing, brayed
Horrible discord, and the maddening wheels
Of brazen chariots raged. Dire was the noise
Of conflict. Overhead the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And, flying, vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rushed
Both battles' main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All heaven
Resounded; and had earth been there, all earth
Had to her center shook. —*Milton.*

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin lid of Hope and Joy and Love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness. —*Prentice.*

Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who, being allowed his ways,
Self-mettle tires him. —*Henry VIII.*

When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle and pleasure of the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is passing as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream.

—*Chesterfield.*

I shall detain ye no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct ye to the hillside, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education—laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.

—*Milton.*

O, a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of Years!

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow
And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf, so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

—*B. F. Taylor.*

Love all; trust a few;
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech.

—*All's Well That Ends Well.*

Like autumn's dark storms pouring from two echoing hills, toward each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet and war on the plain, loud, rough, and dark in battle meet Lochlin and Innisfail. Chief mixes his strokes with chief and man with man; steel sounds on steel and helmets are cleft on high; blood bursts and smokes around; strings murmur on the polished yew: darts rush along the sky; spears fall like sparks of flame that gild the stormy face of night. —*Fingal*.

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you:
“Let them be free; marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands.” You will answer:
“The slaves are ours.” So do I answer you.
—*Merchant of Venice*.

The skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us. —*The Winter's Tale*.

For my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life, closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.

—*Romeo and Juliet*.

Stand! The ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?

Will ye look for greener graves?

Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?

Hear it in that battle peal,

Read it on your bristling steel,

Ask it, ye who will.

Nature, that framed us of four elements,
Warring within our breasts for regimen,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds;
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world
And measure ev'ry wand'ring planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves and never rest
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity—
The sweet fruition of a heavenly crown.

—*Marlowe.*

Fill up each hour with what will last;

Buy up the moments as they go;

The life above, when this is past,

Is the ripe fruit of life below. —*Bonar.*

'Tis a common proof

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber upward turns his face;

But when he once attains the upmost round,

He then unto the ladder turns his back,

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By which he did ascend.

—*Julius Cæsar.*

Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again ;
 The eternal years of God are hers ;
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among her worshipers. —*Bryant.*

When all the sky is draped in black
 And beaten by tempestuous gales,
 Thy struggling bark seems all a rack,
 Then trim again thy tattered sails.
 Thus, O my son, be not too proud,
 Nor yet cast down. Judge thou aright.
 When skies are clear, expect the cloud ;
 In darkness wait for coming light.
 Whate'er thy fate may be to-day,
 Remember, this, too, will pass away.
 —*John G. Saxe.*

Hear you me, Jessica ;
 Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum
 And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife,
 Clamber not you up to the casement then,
 Nor thrust your head into the public street
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces ;
 But stop my house's ears—I mean my casements.
 Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
 My sober house. —*Merchant of Venice.*

Be advised.

Heat not a furnace for your foes so hot
 That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
 By violent swiftness that which we run at,
 And lose by overrunning. Know you not
 The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
 In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advised.
 —*Henry VIII.*

O, Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
 Look! when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
 His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
 Have naught to do with him; beware of him;
 Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him;
 And all their ministers attend him.

—*Richard III.*

I have an ill-divining soul;
 Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
 As one dead in the bottom of the tomb.
 Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale.

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

When the mists have rolled in splendor
 From the beauty of the hills,
 And the sunshine, warm and tender,
 Falls in kisses on the rills,
 We may read love's shining letter
 In the rainbow of the spray:
 We shall know each other better
 When the mists have cleared away.
 We shall know as we are known,
 Never more to walk alone,
 In the dawning of the morning,
 When the mists have cleared away.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time:
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment, leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

—*Young.*

There is some soul of goodness in things evil
Would men observingly distill it out;
For our bad neighbors make us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry;
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

—*Henry V.*

I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among the professors of one faith.

—*Henry VI.*

Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill,
lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one
that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise
man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again.

—*King Lear.*

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, that all men are about to live
Forever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise,
At least their own: their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is folly's veils;
That lodged in fate's, to wisdom they consign.

—*Young.*

Yet I do fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win; thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone." —*Macbeth.*

He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

—*Bonar.*

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face. . . . And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign forever and ever.

—*Bible.*

For none return from those quiet shores,
 Who cross with the boatman, cold and pale;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
 And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
 They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
 We may not sunder the veil apart
 That hides from our vision the gates of day;
 We only know that their barks no more
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

—*N. P. Wakefield.*

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking of the frosty Caucasus?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December's snow
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
 O, no! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

—*Richard II.*

I sometimes have thought in my loneliest hours,
 That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
 Of a ramble I took, one bright afternoon,
 When my heart was as light as a blossom in June.
 The green earth was moist with the late-fallen showers,
 The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers;
 While a single white cloud floated off in the west,
 On the white wing of peace, to its haven of rest.

In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As dutious sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.

—*Young.*

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.

—*Henry VIII.*

My lord, we have
Stood here observing him; some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon; in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

—*Henry VIII.*

Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
 And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,
 But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,
 Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy. —*Henry VI.*

There's no art
 To find the mind's construction in the face:
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An infinite trust. —*Macbeth.*

What is a man,
 If his chief good, and market of his time,
 Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
 Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before, and after, gave us not
 That capability and godlike reason,
 To rust in us, unused. —*Hamlet.*

You, lord Archbishop—
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintained;
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutored;
 Whose white investments figure innocence,
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace—
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war.
 Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
 Your pen to lances; and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?
 —*Henry IV.*

The rebels are in Southwark: Fly, my lord!
 Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
 Descended from the Duke of Clarence's house,
 And calls your grace usurper, openly,
 And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
 His army is a ragged multitude
 Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
 Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his brother's death,
 Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
 All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
 They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.
—Henry VI.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought,
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;

Then can I drown an eye (unused to flow)
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancelled woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I now pay, as if not paid before.
—Poems, Shakespeare.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.
—Longfellow.

Hear me more plainly.

I have an equal balance justly weighed,
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offenses.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion :
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles :
Which, long ere this, we offered to the king ;
And might by no suit gain our audience :
When we are wronged, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person,
Even by those men who most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood), and the examples
Of every minute's instance (present now),
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
Not to break peace, or any branch of it :
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality. —*Henry IV.*

Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece ; and in Ausonian land
Men called him Mulciber ; and how he fell
From heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements : from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day ; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægean isle. —*Milton.*

EXAMPLES OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE WILL.

I conjure you by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you came to know it), answer me;
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yeasty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasures
Of nature's germens tumble altogether,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

—*Macbeth.*

I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But say, it is my humor: is it answered?

—*Merchant of Venice.*

“Make way for liberty!” he cried,
Then ran with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
“Make way for liberty!” he cried,
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

—*James Montgomery.*

What if my house be troubled with a rat
And I be pleased to give three thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are that love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
Now, for your answer: -
As there is no firm reason to be rendered
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he a harmless necessary cat;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?
—*Merchant of Venice.*

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That darest, tho' grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hellborn, not to contend with spirits of heaven.

To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied:

And reckonest thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Helldoomed, and breathest defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord: Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings;
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.
—*Milton.*

I do not fear to approach the omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life: and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

—*Robert Emmet.*

“Tempter,” said Rebecca, “begone! not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair’s breadth from my resting place. Surrounded as I am by foes, I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy—avoid thee, in the name of God!”

—*Scott.*

What man dare, I dare;
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble; or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I exhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl!

—*Macbeth.*

Here I stand for impeachment or trial! I dare accusation! I defy the honorable gentleman! I defy the government! I defy their whole phalanx! Let them come forth! I tell the ministers I shall neither give them quarter nor take it! I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defense of the liberties of my country.

—*Henry Grattan.*

Before my body
I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff,
And damned be he that first cries, “Hold, enough!”

—*Macbeth.*

A warrior hung his plumed helm
On the rugged trunk of an aged elm.
“Where is the knight so bold,” he cried,
“That dares my haughty crest deride?”
The wind came by with a sullen howl,
And dashed the helm on the pathway foul,
And shook in scorn each sturdy limb,
For where was the knight could fight with him?

Burned Marmion’s swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—“This to me!” he said;
“And ’twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hands as Marmion’s had not spared
To cleave the Douglas’ head!
And first I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England’s message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!

“And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
I tell thee thou art defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!”

—*Scott.*

“Ah, wretch!” in wild anguish he cried,
“From country—and liberty—torn!
Ah, Maratan! would thou hadst died,
Ere o’er the salt waves thou wert borne.”

I say thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false,
In thy heart's blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

—*Shakespeare.*

“Forward the light brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said;
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred. —*Tennyson.*

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no more speaking: I will have my bond.
—*Merchant of Venice.*

Still “Onward!” was his stern exclaim;
“Charge on the battery's jaws of flame!
Rush on the level gun!
Each Hulan forward with his lance!
My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!
My guard, my chosen, charge for France!
France and Napoleon!”

Around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn church;
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, tho' it wore a crown—
I launch the curse of Rome. —*Lytton.*

“I shall in all my best obey you, madam.”
—*Hamlet.*

In thoughts from the visions of the night,
 When deep sleep falleth on men,
 Fear came upon me, and trembling,
 Which made all my bones to shake.
 Then a spirit passed before my face;
 The hair of my flesh stood up:
 It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof;
 An image was before mine eyes,
 There was silence, and I heard a voice, saying,
 Shall mortal man be more just than God?
 Shall a man be more pure than his Maker? —*Bible.*

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
 And cry, "Who may find it shall win it, and wear;"
 God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
 A crown at such hazards were valued too dear,
 For never did lips of the living reveal,
 What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.
 —*Schiller.*

Then we belted on our tartans,
 And our bonnets down we drew,
 And we felt our broadswords' edges,
 And we proved them to be true;
 And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
 And we cried the gathering cry,
 And we clasped the hands of kinsman,
 And we swore to do or die. —*Aytoun.*

If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
 Never pray more: Abandon all remorse:
 On horror's head horrors accumulate:
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
 Greater than that. —*Othello.*

Pity thee? So I do;
I pity the dumb victim at the altar;
But does the robed priest for his pity falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine;
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

Yet there's a deathless name,
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn:
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars! I'd bind it on.

Ay, though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst;
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first;
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

All! I would do it all,
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot;
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot. —*Willis.*

Now, by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I bear.
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross that waves above us
there,

Yea, by a greater, nightier oath, and O, that such should
be!—

By that dark stream of royal blood that lies 'twixt you and
me—

I have not sought in battlefield a wreath of such renown,
Nor hoped I, on my dying day, to win a martyr's crown.

—*Aytoun.*

Blaze, with your serried columns ! I will not bend the knee ;
The shackle ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is
free !

I've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered
low ;

And where it falls, ye well may dread the lightning of its
blow.

I've scared you in the city : I've scalped you on the plain :
Go, count your chosen, where they fell beneath my leaden
rain !

I scorn your proffered treaty ; the paleface I defy ;
"Revenge" is stamped upon my spear, and "Blood" my
battle cry.

—*G. W. Patten.*

At last Mac Kyle made answer : " I have sinned ;
I, and this people, whom I made to sin.
Now, therefore, to thy God we yield ourselves
Liegemen henceforth, his thralls, as slave to lord
Or horse to master. That which thou commandest,
That will we do."

But William answered short :

" I cannot marry Dora ; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said :
" You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it ;
Consider, William : take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish ;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And nevermore darken my doors again."

—*Tennyson.*

O, agony of fear !

Would that he yet might live ! Even now I heard
The legate's followers whisper, as they passed,
They had a warrant for his instant death ;
All was prepared by unforbidden means,
Which we must pay so dearly, having done ;
Even now they search the tower, and find the body,
Now they suspect the truth ; now they consult
Before they come to tax us with the fact ;
O, horrible ! 'tis all discovered ! —*Shakespeare.*

Slave, do thine office !

Strike, as I struck the foe ! Strike, as I would
Have struck those tyrants ! Strike deep as my curse !
Strike—and but once ! —*Byron.*

Hear what Highland Nora said :

“ The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valor lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son.

“ The swan,” she said, “ the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest ;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben Cruichan fall and crush Kilchurn ;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly ;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son.”

—*Scott.*

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting iron
That you shall think the devil has come from hell!
—*Shakespeare.*

Never, Iago! Like to the Pontic Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yonder marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words. —*Othello.*

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
—*Julius Cæsar.*

Then out spoke brave Horatius, the Captain of the Gate:
“ To every man upon this earth, death cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers, and the temples of his gods?
“ Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed you
may;
I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand may well be stopped by
three,
Now who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge
with me? ”
—*Macaulay.*

Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done: The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done it. —*Macbeth.*

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come, they
come!" —*Byron.*

Ring the alarum bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! Up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror!
O Banquo! Banquo! —*Macbeth.*

Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say, that ever in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. —*Kellog.*

Did you not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined:
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is!—it is!—the cannon's opening roar!
—Byron.

Friends, I come not here to talk, ye know too well
 The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
 The bright sun rises to his course and lights
 A race of slaves; he sets, and his last beam
 Falls on a slave. —M. R. Mitford.

O, you mighty gods!
 This world I do renounce; and in your sights,
 Shake patiently my great affliction off:
 If I could bear it longer, and not fall
 To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
 My snuff, and loathed parts of nature, should
 Burn itself out. —King Lear.

Let each man do his best: and here draw I
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
 With the best blood that I can meet withal,
 In the adventure of this perilous day.
 Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that music let us all embrace:
 For heaven to earth, some of us never shall
 A second time do such courtesy. —Henry IV.

First fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

—*Collins.*

Back, ruffians, back ! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead !
Nor touch the living boy. I stand
Between him and your lawless band !

I'll fight
Till from my bones my flesh be hacked

—*Macbeth.*

He is a hero stanch and brave
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low ;
Who stands erect in manhood's might
Undaunted, undismayed—
The bravest man who drew a sword
In foray, or in raid.

Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, O my soul ;
For are not thy transgressions great and numberless ?
Do they not cover thee like rising floods ?
And press thee like a weight of waters down ?
Does not the hand of righteousness afflict thee ?
And who shall plead against it ? Who shall say
'To power Almighty, 'Thou hast done enough ;
Or bid his dreadful rod of vengeance stay ?
Wait then with patience, till the circling hours
Shall bring the time of thy appointed rest
And lay thee down in death,

—*Bible.*

He had bolted the window and barred the doors
And every nook had scanned ;
And felt the fastenings o'er and o'er
With his cold and skinny hand ;
And yet he sat gazing intently round,
And trembled with silent fear,
And startled and shuddered at every sound
That fell on his coward ear.

Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses
That shall maintain what I have said is true :
Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
And know us by these colors for thy foes.

—*Henry VI.*

If thou but speak the truth of her,
These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her honor,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life 'reft me so much of friends
But they shall find awaked, in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

—*Othello.*

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun ;
Forever and forever, all in a blessed home,
And there to wait a little while, till you and Effie come ;
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast,
And the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at
rest.

—*Tennyson.*

Wherefore, I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
I will implore. If not, in the name of God
Your pleasure be fulfilled. —*Henry VIII.*

Yield, mad man, yield! thy horse is down:
Thou hast not lance nor shield;
Fly! I will grant thee time. This flag
Can neither fly nor yield! —*G. H. Boker.*

Had I been there with sword in hand and fifty Camerons by
That day through high Dunedin's streets had pealed the
slogan cry,
Not all their troops of trampling horse, nor might of mailed
men,
Not all the rebels in the south had borne us backward then.
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free as
air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him
there. —*Aytoun.*

Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious victory,
Or die with fame, renowned for chivalry.
He is not worthy of the honeycomb,
That shuns the hives because the bees have stings.
—*Shakespeare.*

Bassanio—For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

Shylock—If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them: I would have my bond.
—*Merchant of Venice.*

Let them pull all about mine ears ; present me
Death on the wheels, or at wild horses' heels ;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight—yet will I still
Be thus to them. —*Coriolanus.*

We gazed, but not a man could speak !
With horror all aghast,
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As, riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew. —*Colton.*

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then with-
drawn ;
But still the sun shines round me, the evening bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.
—*Tennyson.*

Come, vial !
What if this mixture do not work at all ?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning ?
No no ; this shall forbid it.
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored,
Because he married me before to Romeo ?
I fear it is ; and yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—Once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free.

—*Mary Russell Mitford.*

To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!
Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land.

Yes, 'tis Emilia; by and by—she's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was here—ha! no more moving,
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Wer't good?
I think she stirs again. No. What's best to do?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife.

—*Othello.*

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

—*Byron.*

So help me God, I ne'er again
 Will touch the poisoned bowl
 Which ruins health and character,
 And steeps in guilt the soul,
 And swells the fearful list of names
 Affixed to Satan's scroll!

I am a good knight, and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of the damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York: to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and liar; as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, of our lady, and of Monseigneur Saint George, the good knight.

"My name," said the knight, raising his helmet, "is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe." —*Scott.*

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
 Though poor or rich he be,
 Who struggles with his better part—
 Who conquers and is free.
 He may not wear a hero's crown,
 Or fill a hero's grave,
 But truth will place his name among
 The bravest of the brave.

Now, whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on the event—
 A thought, which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom,
 And, ever, three parts coward—I do not know
 Why yet I live to say, This thing's to do.

—*Hamlet.*

Remember thee?

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter; yes, by heaven
I have sworn it. —*Hamlet.*

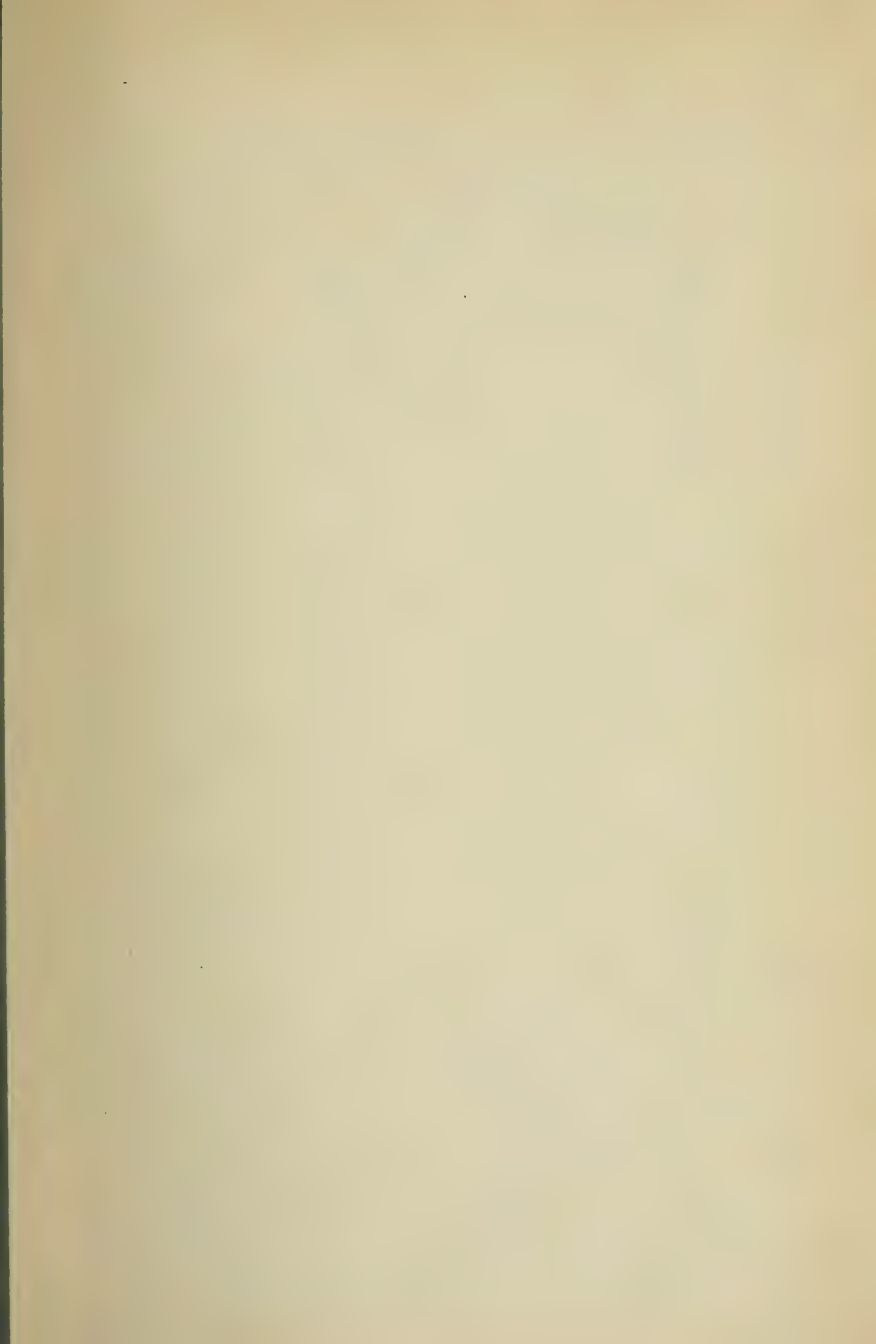
Let them come;

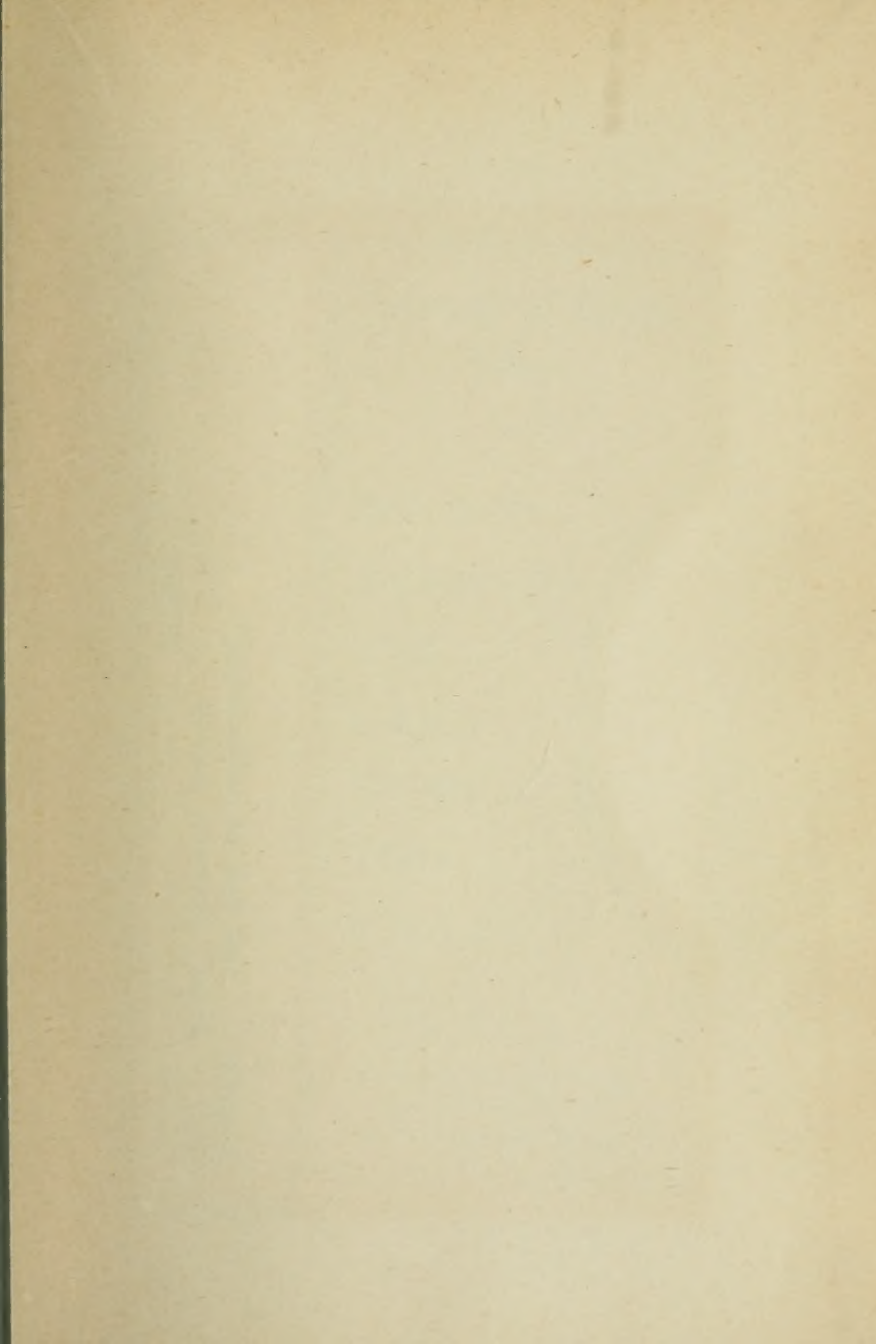
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them;
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. —*Henry IV.*

O! I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such night,
Tho' it were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time.

My dream was lengthened after life—
O! then began the tempest to my soul;
With that methought a legion of foul fiends
Environed me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made my dream!

—*Richard III.*





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